THE
SCHOOL
OF
COMPLEMENT

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# *Pearls of* ELOQUENCE, *OR,* *The School* OF COMPLEMENTS.

Wherein is shewed a brief description

Of { *Beauty,* *Virtue;* *Love, and* *Eloquence.*

Composed for the good and benefit of those young Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Scholars, who are desirous to adorn their speech with gentile Ceremonies, Complemental, amorous, and high Expressions of Speaking or Writing.

The fourth Edition, newly corrected and amended, with an exact Table annexed.

*Eloquentiæ symphonia multos, & favorem obtinet, Præclara acturæ agenda.*

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# COMPLEMENTS

# EGOTISME

# THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

*Reader,*

HAving penn'd this small Treatise, called, the School of Compliments; it cannot seem strange to thee, for to view this small Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter, wherein at the first sight, without a Clue of Thred to direct thee by, I might very well suppose that thou shouldest not only be amazed, but transported, (if not lost without wonder) so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the School, or the Court; but recollect thy mind, and then smile upon my Charity, which hath endevored the more to light-

lighten thy Genius, & shew my self to thee in consideration of our late losses, which these sullen dis-laureating times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets, as namely, our Sands, Davenant, Quarles, &c. And lest the Garland of the Muses should altogether wither, I could not but present thee again with this sprig, or rather more aptly composed Iliad of choicest recreations, to imploy thy wit and behaviour in: intreating thee with washed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion to receive it; so farewel.

# THE AUTHOR TO THE LADIES & GENTLEWOMEN OF ENGLAND.

IF Custom did not force a Compliment of Dedication; yet this Book would desire to insinuate into the affections of Ladies and Gentlewomen, since it can arrive at no greater perfection of happiness then your favour, which is most earnestly desired: And in requitall of this your favour, it shall be always ready to furnish you with the best expressions of Choice and complementall language; for though by nature and custome you deliver your minds in a smooth and graceful manner, yet from hence without study or premeditation you may comment necessary ceremonies. Let therefore this one

one instance instead of more which might be inserted, perswade your intelligent generous disposition to receive this Book here exactly effected, as your devoted Servant, and to honour it with your favour, which I shall esteem as an exaltation to the supreme subluxary felicity, and the richest terrestrial happiness.

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The

# Pearls of ELOQUENCE; OR, *The School* OF COMPLEMENTS.

IR, Your Conceptions are so strong, that they climb over my thoughts.

Sir, You honor me so far, that I imagine my self to be some other than I am, or have been, which can be nothing else but your obliged servant.

Sir, I do repute my self happy to be valued by a person who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, your infallible judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone are found all those felicities and perfections that can be sought for upon earth.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Madam, the force of your beauty hath over-power'd the weakness of my fancy, since the exquisite perfections of your vertues are charactered in my heart.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures, Mines of gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good sir, give me leave to fear, least some sinister stormes of fortune, stifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyish conceits of your youth, are unfit for the lofty cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confused Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am lost in such an endless Labyrinth, that neither choice, nor chance can draw me out of.

Give me leave, sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwise all the treasures of the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus excellent in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirror of an immoderate life.

Be not so inconstant in your affection, least in the conclusion you prove like the Marigold; to open at the sun-shine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave

Leave me sir, whilst I learn to despise such *Gnatbots*, and beat off such flattering Curs with the whip of my defiance.

*Theseus*, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilious Labyrinth, then I from the pernitious bondage of such cruel beauty.

Fortune and Fate, place thee in the places of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplish't, that it was hard to know whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, Being incens'd by your singular commendations, I am perswaded to her onely to commit the chiefest treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeness, fair creature, since neither fate nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are dastards.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained yours.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sick at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backward in the expression of your merits, since they do so exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse this tenent as erroneous, since I have never falsified my self to you; but have ever thought

my self perfectly happy to be reputed yours.

Be careful, fair one, lest (being led captive by security) your mind float in the surging seas of idle conceits, whilst the gales of voluptuous pleasures, or the stifling storms of unbridled fancie, with raging blasts, make a shipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies with an unwearied constancie in the waies of vertue.

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pains with a Princely liberty.

Sir, the trumpet of your royal fame hath moved us (who are but subjects of your generous liberalitie) with all humilitie to entertain such noble and heroick favor cast upon us poor creatures, most unworthy of the least of such benefits

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eie, as your *Venus* like beauty.

Madam, the force of your beauty hath overpow'rd the weakness of my fancy, since the exquisite perfections of your vertues are charactered in my breast.

Madam, were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eye of your Lover.

Coy one, what happiness ensued the chastity of *Penelope*? nay rather, what miseries pursued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? How wretched are they then that deals with *Venus* or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts!

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies, once abused, turn into a fury. By

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature that before was plunged into a perplexity, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistris, pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly Madam, if the gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skil, since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Fair one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancie.

Cruel one, if love be onely remedied by love, if fancy by mutual affection, give me leave at least to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigour be sentenced to death.

Patrelt, it is impossible to perswade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus* is impossible, since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the faithlesse protestations of men, their perjured promises, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a *Medea* mock't, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your virtue and beauty by a stronger power then that of fate or fortune, is deeply insurited in my heart.

Be pleased at last (fair beauty) to accept me for your slave and servant, and to admit me

into your favour, and that I may freely injoy the light of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Faireſt, If my deed deſire merit no more from you, then I have no other choice but to die deſperately, or live miſerably.

Madam, There is a civil aſſault within me, by which I feel a certain reſtraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impoſſible, faireſt of women, for any one to view your features, and not be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Miſtriſs, I feel ſuch an alienation of my ſenſes, ſuch a metamorphoſis of my mind, that it is impoſſible for me to become any other then a ſervile ſlave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter into a parley with *Cupid*, faireſt creature, ſince there is ſuch hopes left of victory, by the happy preſage of your ſuſpicious ſmiles at the beginning of our loves conflict.

Sir, If I may continue to ſhare in your favours, there ſhall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more proud of their fortunes then my ſelf, who really am your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, ſince you are ordained for the ſervice of Kings, and conduct of people.

Sir, I will reſerve to ſpeak of vertue, till your great works come to light.

Sir,

Sir, That which others call vertue is the natural habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more yours then any man living; Sir, your most humble servant.

Sir, When I forgot to confess my self yours, you may justly think I suffer a perpetual silence, since whilst I have tongue, I protest my self to be your affectionate servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but onely the glory of humility and obedience.

I should shew my self insensible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty.

Sir, Your heroical qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, they that do undervalue the comelinesse of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the christal of his clearnesse.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudable, since they force me to confess my self yours.

Sir, you are never so excellent a Poet as when you speak of me, since you have no art to invent new fables.

Sir, those fine words and quaint discourses with which your Ladies are delighted, issue

from their mouths, as a pure & innocent breath perfum'd with kisses.

Sir, You go through all employments with as good fortune as noble resolutions; neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoop to do you honour.

Who can distill sleep into the eyes of Lovers, whose ears break forth with the morning light?

Love, art thou but a vain name, & no essential thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant, when he hath most need of thy reviving presence? what is Musick to me, but a doleful voice, accompanied with the various discord of my sighs? O Love! Wilt thou now at last offer me Physick, which art my only poison? wilt thou do me service, which long since hast brought me into eternal slavery?

How long shall my languishing sickness wait upon the triumphs of my passions?

At last, O fair one, cast the eys of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightness of those rayes, his baseness may be turned into a most high & (through any perfectiõs) a most happy preferment: for being thus disconsolate by the frowns of thy rigor, how soon maist thou raze down that Temple, which at first was built by the refulgent smiles of thy beauty? From whence can these necessities proceed, that Love hath laid upon me, most incomparable Lady? are they by your commandment? or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath such a cõmand over mortals? Of a certain it is from you, whose fair aspect, accompanied with so imperious a ma-

e majesty, vanquished me by him so far to resign the happiness of my former liberty, as that I must now confess my self to be your slave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your prisoner.

Cruel one, how long can I make an ostentatiō of my felicity, when the conclusion, even the last *Scene of my Tragedy*, with horror presents its self to thine eyes? Can death & dissimulation meet at the instant when I leave the world, & my dying protestations with thee, *that for thee alone I forsook this earth to be more kindely used there, where I shall certainly be eased of these sorrows, if there be a Leander, a Pyramus, or a society of abused Lovers?*

If thou art fair, is it to present thee too cruel? If thou canst comand affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? To be beautiful & yet terrible, are things incompatible, things that imply contradiction: yet even against the Laws of Nature thou destroy'st Nature, & where thou maist raise the structures to thy perpetual honor, thou ruin'st them. Most certain it is, fair creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, & I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free & serene mind: But alas! wherein canst thou glory? Not in thy beauty, for that will rail it self at so black an act: Not in my ruins, for they will pursue thee with some direful revenge. Blush then thou fair one, since to be coy is to be cruel; to be cruel is to alter the property of what thou art, beautiful. Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence. I cannot express the least disobedience to your cōmands, but rather hope

my past displeasures may deserve pity, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the ballance of your mercy, that the unworthiness of my deserts, by the fair sufferance of your goodness, may procure your gracious respects in my behalf.

It is a sin to suspect such vertue, which glories to arm it self against all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it self, and a beauty that glories to condemn others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your vertues.

Fair one, what unremoveable suitor eclipses your affections from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant?

Perfections of my desires, with one determinate answer, bless me with happiness, or silence my long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, the eyes of a ratified Lover, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himself, as always to bewail the loss of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a loss, by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affections; by the oaths of our yet continued love; by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can

Can you (*Sir*) wear a *Mars* heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, then the Tents of war?

In him (it seems) Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

*Sir*, it is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-go your age.

It is not strange (O thou cruellest of women) that those eyes of thine should strike him with terror, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenance of death.

*Sir*, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you (and none but you) which I am bound to love: and therefore, though I am presented with a likeness of your beauty, yet likeness of another cannot make the same essence of your person, much less can dissolve your commandments of my service.

The very Image of your countenance, & outward expressions of your behavior, are suitable to the vertuous resolutions of your mind.

Fairest, Grant me this happiness, to have my poor affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of love leads me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate, as ful of desires to be more happy.

Armies of objections rise up against my accepted opinion, *Sir*,

Sir, Though I were to pass through all the splendors of the World, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which she hath made no promise of any mediocrity; by the diffusion of which rare perfections, she hath rendered you lovely to the world, and fit for the service of the greatest Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination which you speak in such high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy should I think my self, were the characters of your virtues imprinted in my Breast by a more continued acquaintance!

Sir, No imaginary jealousies shall deliver me from mine inclination to that Goodness to which I have always had an extraordinary propension by your royal example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity, so far, that I will complain of fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, you know your self too well to suspect me of flattery.

Virtue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortal.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there could be any room left for you to entertain a Woman of so many imper-

imperfections as my selfe.

The contemplation of your Virtues amazeth me.

Sir, I find in you whatsoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting in your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the necessities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable unto you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience then your affairs could well permit.

Worthy Sir, reflect upon your creature with the bright beams of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my self a greater happiness than to do you service.

Your Heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, for your sake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, there is no happiness on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your goodness doth bereave me of a voice to express your virtues.

You cannot blame me though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir,

Sir, If you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sick for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to your spirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chastity of Language.

Sir, I owe too much honour to the memory of our fore-past acquaintance, to displease you.

Sir, for your sake, at the same time, I both enjoy pleasure, and endure pain.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modesty, since you enforce either to lose it, or not believe you.

Sir, The whole Court is sensible of suffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am so far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none so imperfect as my self, neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with those abilities whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but onely to express I am yours.

Sir, you have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir, in requital of those vows you offer me, I am put to a stand what to answer.

Mistris,

Mistris, I desire to pass my life in the pleasing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of those who slight the benefits are showred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inspirations.

I have no servile dependency, but upon your conceptions, I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularites, hitherto unknown.

From the first minute of my acquainance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my self your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end that you may appease them.

Madam, if you still persevere to dote thus on your beauty, the time will come when your face will feare you more then a Judge doth a felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no means shall make me silent.

Fairest, there is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Lady, the moral of my affection is to instruct you to make use of your youth, and to gather Rose-buds before the Roses wither: For be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face:

And

and you shall onely be left to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, suffer your self to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, you must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, you have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extreame ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to amore Soveraign fortune then the state of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of a noble company, daily repairing to visit you.

Mistris, In my most solitary walks it shall be my ambition to presume onely to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To return you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It

It is the height of my desire to be passionately, as I am, your most faithful servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain, as I have ever been, Yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real war against you, for I acknowledge my colour to be artificial, which I am readie to lay down at Your pleasure

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-Players, are not guiltie of those Murthers which the dart of your eies do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude which have lost themselves in the admiration of Your vertues.

I will dilate my self no further in my Expressions, least I dishonor Your goodness with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine Eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath not presented it self to Your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocencie, is the libertie I enjoie to professe my self Yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glorie of Your Name.

Sir, I do professe my self Yours with all those protestations which are able to make truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I prostrate all my presumption at Your feet, and shall dispair of being happie, if not reputed Yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceale my thoughts, since you have an interest both in me and them.

Ine-

I never gave you vilit, which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden Eloquence, have you taken me out of my ſelf?

You alone can conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent vertues have diſcovered to me mine own perfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, I muſt onely anſwer you, That I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgment that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, you miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, ſhould I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appear, but remain as a recluſe.

Sir, the world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no ſuch men to maintain her honours.

Continue to expreſs your ſelf what you are, that your vertue may be its own recorder.

Farewell, my thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time which perſcribes limits to all things, preſerve your beauty to the worlds end.

The Phyſicians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of blood left, to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that

that it may bud again with the next Roses

I confesse I was more astonished, then to find such an equipage of sorrow about you.

Sir, you are adorned with all excellent qualities that Art and Nature can bestow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, there is not one part of your body, whereof another is not master.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single hair, since I am all yours.

Madam, you draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a fair prospect, adorned with all pleasures to allure the beholder.

You are the Cabinet, in which nature hath lock't all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it shall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would visit those parts of the world which avarice it self hath not yet found out, rather then lose your society.

Sir, It is impossible for me to conceal my sensibilities.

Sir. What violence soever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, you do so heap your favours on me, that you will not so much as suffer me to seem miserable.

Sir, your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, you do not so much express your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting such torments on me.

Sir, be not confident, lest he whom you have so

so often injured, do at last grow weary of his sufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I desire to pass the most pleasant hours of my life.

Sir, if you pretend excuses for so poor a trifle, know I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Courtezan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

You usurp a more absolute authority over Wits, than is lawful or reasonable.

You smell too much of your Musk and Amber, to expresse your self serious in the weight of Affairs.

Sir, my conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetched, and they transcend the subject on which you bestow them.

Fairest, Let me ravish a kiss from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my soul, since my inclinations to serve you, have their original from immortal reason.

Mistris, you have a power to infuse love and fidelitie into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot bestow favours amiss on him who hath searcht the secrets of Nature, & the depth of Philosophy, that he might not appear to be ingrateful.

Sir, you must give me leave to admire your judgement, which appears to be far more excellent then your Fortunes.

Sir,

Sir, Let us not seem to incur a crime, since I am forced to extol your generous liberalitie.

Sir, You varie your shape, and change your perfumes according to the diversitie of the seasons.

Let it please you out of your nobleness, to afford me to be your Graces most obedient and faithful servant.

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities that are necessarie in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or discomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortune, I am forc'd to admire your virtues, since you still set so high a value on your Creature, who is lost to all men but to your self.

Sir, Your goodness is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestows on her most glorious Creatures.

Sir, I speak this seriously with my best sence; you may reduce me to any form.

All who have either eies or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest, Cast one glance of pitie on me, least you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eies, which are to me the Ambassadors of life and death.

Sir, You are the embleme of terror, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Lift not me so high with your favours, lest you do but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terror.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in its royal Majesty, draw forth the sword of disdain, to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest creature, since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miseries that oppress me.

You hit my inclinations, since to recompence such vertues, were a work most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, your refusal to the title of eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust, since your tongue long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the lists with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech, for when I would become most perswasive in my language, I appear most barbarous in my expressions.

All your Rhetorical arguments are but like blue flowers amongst the corn; which though they may seem pleasant to the eye, prove most unwholsome to the body.

Sir, I shall always acknowledg your artificial language to be like a Gentlwoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilst she her self want the eyes of her body and of her mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the powers of the planets, or resist the force of the stars? you may then conclude, I can repel these affections.

I am yours, sir, and will be yours in despight of fates and fortunes.

Madam, your excellent qualities, and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the Fort of my fancy, that I must of necessity resign my self up to you, as a trophie of your victories.

Mistris, since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his Clients, let us not slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, if the wishes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crown your royal deserts.

Madam, though I have not hitherto by dutiful services made manifest the loyalty of my heart, yet since I first framed in my fancy, as in a mirror, the shape of your surpassing beauty, with all humility I have cast my self and fortunes at your Royal feet.

Faiest, there is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your person & vertues, then I do.

Madam in consideration of my poor fortune, let my affection appear so much the more excusable, since I so far esteem of your divine beauty, and exquisite vertue, as I would think my self most unworthy, though I were Prince of the World, to possess your heavenly perfection, in respect of any of my own native honour.

Sir, I have learnt to know, that it is the Religion of lovers to swear and forswear.

Madam, the parching heat of summer makes the cool shades more pleasant; and the frowns of lovers makes their smiles more delightful and cheerful.

Mistris,

Mistris, I must never hope so entirely to love, as with my affections to require your loyalty.

Sir, she which builds her fancy upon fading subjects, ties her honor to the unconstant wheel of fortune.

Fairest, as a pledge of my protestation, you shall have both my heart and hand to be yours in dust and ashes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the sea, which contains in it a capacity of all ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive not sir) to bereave me of the reputation of my honor, lest those that should succed me hereafter, read my infamie upon my tomb.

Madam, the beams of your sun-like beautie, with their livelie lustre and sparkling flames, dazle the eies of your amazed lovers.

Madam, in the shadie darkness of this Arbour, you seem like a Heaven enamelled with an infinite number of stars.

Having disposed so many affections to do your service, fear not fairest, your servant must of necessity visit you.

Fair one, whilst Mortals enjoy your heavenly beautie, the lustre of your resplendent eies shall (as the day light) serve them for the dispatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the web of our destinies hath passed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and use not to entertain my friends with dreams and illusions.

Sir, This your inhumane usage of your creature,

ture shall never seem strange to me, since the most fervent affections of the world, oftentimes degenerate into the vehementest enmities.

Sir, We equally share of one anothers discontents, and dissolve our hearts together, as one would melt one piece of Wax into another.

Fairest, those eminent qualities which Nature as a Dowry hath bestowed upon you, like flowers, spread themselves forth by the rays of your bright Beauty, causing those Courtships, Services and Admirations which so sweetly adorn you.

Mistris, Ladies of Honor to expresse the sincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the tombs of their deceased Lovers.

Madam, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, since your eyes kindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exercise not the extremity of your rigor upon him that suffers such miseries under the false title and quality of an Offender.

Know, fair Creature, that such a bright day may at last enlighten my Innocency, when revengeful Lovers shall search into my ashes to find out truth there buried.

Sir, these glorious progressions of your vertues will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

*Madam*, shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, lest they be perpetually opened to tears.

Madam, It is impossible you should ever draw to you a Reputation of Honour, signed with the effusion of my blood.

Madam, There are those will deplore my ashes, and strew some sillie flowers on the place impressed with the prints of your punishments.

Fair One, When my soul shall be separated from my bodie, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit, as the shadow of it.

Madam, if you should please to condemn me to darkness, by the eclipsing of the Divine light of your Beautie, yet I despair not but that at last from the sphere of your splendors, due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the raies of your Clemencie to enlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and misfortunes.

Fair One, Though death may seperate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and we shall preserve the immortalitie of our affections, by the immortalitie of our souls.

Madam, seated thus on your fair pavillion, you appear like resplendent daie, in the attires of a Majestie absolutelie Royal.

Madam, Your goodlie nature, well-proportioned bodie, the bright colour of your face, the livelie port, and grave carriage of your person, all these speak you to be a real branch, sprung from some regal stem.

Fair one, Your Hair negligentlie dishevel'd, and careless attire, grace forth your beautie, which shines in the midst of so many obscurities, as the sun in a winter-daie.

Fair

Fair Creature, Cast not those eyes down, neither colour your face with those modest blushes, since it would appear most admirable, that your Vertues should find Fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I desire to end my daies on the Theatre of Kings in their glorious services.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such a one as you see, full of good will, though of slender Fortunes and means.

Sir, We have continuallie lived together as one soul divided into two bodies; and since our amities have taken root in a mutual temperance and correspondencie of humors, we have maintained in us a continual familiaritie, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to separate.

Fairest, Our breasts shall be ever interchangeablie transparent.

Fair One, Dissimulation or contradiction cannot approach the sinceritie of our loves.

Fairest, Let me embrace you with the openesse of my heart, and the profusion of my love, that our souls may evaporate themselves into one another.

Sir, Your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I shall never pretend anie right to anie Honour in the world, but onely to obey your commands.

Mistris, The grace of speech dwells on your fair lips.

Sir, Here-after ages shall take Palms & Lawrels to crown the reliques of your honored ashes.

Fairest, these eyes of mine are but emblemes of tears mixt with love.

Madam, spread not that Cyprus Vail over your face; lest you benight your beauty, and darken the bright Raies of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a Divinity left on earth to be known and be loved of mortals.

## *A Description of Beauty.*

BEauty is Natures Ivy-Bush.

It is her Beauty onely creates her Queen; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every syllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature, seeing she hath made thee man, make not thy self a woman.

Your Beauty is a tyrant of a short reign; you cannot call it your own, for you can neither give it, nor preserve it long.

Beauty is the Conqueress of man, never to be satisfied with the rayes of her christal painted Eyes.

A feature that excels all mortal sense.

Such a one, that when she lay naked, his eies did carve him out a feast of Love.

Her body doth present those fields of peace that poets sing of in *Elizium*.

She lay like eclipsed *Cynthia*, sweetly canopied with darkness, till he drew the Curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* seen her naked, he had slighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her beauty forth with blushing braveries: with the wonders of her beauty, mortal eyes are never to be satisfied, as if she were made onely for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Skie.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

*Choice and fair* FLOWERS *selected out of the* GARDEN *of* ELOQUENCE, *to adorn our Language with variety of* EXPRESSIONS *upon several Occasions.*

## Upon his absence.

*I Shall no longer esteem my self absent from you, whilst I hold any room in your heart and memory.*

*Let those dull Clods of Earth, not yet informed with true Promethean fire, measure affection by their Miles or Acres; We, whose souls are cast in a more pure Mold, by a most subtile penetration and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure freedom in one another's wishes, and in the greatest distance are cherished with a virtual contiguity.*

*It is a brutish love, and wants the quickning fire of Reason, that can by circumstances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our Affections, shall (like more glorious Pyramides) burn bright and clear, and light our souls, though thus seemingly disjoined, to our daily mutual embracements.*

*Let not my remoteness change your purposes, more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live yours.*

Prote-

## Protestations of Love.

*IT is as impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the sun to forget its ordinary course.*

*So am I ravished with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, then it would prove difficult to resolve for death, and know for a certain, that I shall still be rather content, and disposed to consent to the hatred of my self, then to the love of any other object but you.*

*Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart: and not to love and serve you, it is a thing not onely out of your power, but mine also; for I am to you as an accent, so inseparable, that you cannot be without me.*

## Vpon her Beauty.

*I Should have thought I had too much failed in so much duty, had I not directed it to so fair a mark: but the favour of your affections is that to which I sacrifice my best endeavours.*

*Vanquished by your Beauty, I have yeelded up the arms of my liberty and freedom, under your obedience.*

*Nothing shall take from your heart (but death is self) the fair image of your divine beauty.*

*Death is self shall here stand vassal, and homage pay to your more powerful darts, when every quickning glance from you shall add new life as he destroys the old.*

## In admiration of her goodness.

IT is your goodnesse that hath supplyed my small merits, which could not have dared to promise me the favours which you can afford me.

The goodness of your soul is so clear and bright, that sin dares not approach too near, for fear of discovering its own deformity.

You need not seek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue entitles you to Heaven.

I wonder not to see so many Bankrupts in goodness, when I find the stock of Vertue rests alone in you.

These noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a desert in me, they are so much beyond my merit.

## On her leaving him.

LOvers in despights of absence, lose not the remembrances of their Lovers; they are as the flowers, which (though tyed on) do resume their lustre as the sun approach.

Although thou goest away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou still remainest; yet I must shed some tears, which like the Morning dew, or an April-showers, shall make the spring-side of our love (though by the Winter covered) grow fresh and green again.

To forsake me, when your company is deserved to me, is no sign of true friendship, which parts not as

*as death it self, since love remains for ever.*

*Take pity on all those bloody sorrows which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feel.*

## To accuse in a LETTER.

*IT is better to love with severity, then to deceive with sweetness.*

*I expected a* Cordial, *but I received a* Corrosive. *Your bitter-sweet was unequally tempered; and in your pills (though sugar'd over) I found an unwelcome operation. I receiv'd thy Letter, but-- I must chide thee (sweet) Another close from thy fair hand will make me forfeit: You frowned when last we parted, and by that Cloud you bid me expect a storm; it is a double bliss thus sweetly to be deceived; you frown indeed, but a thousand* Cupids *lodg themselves in every wrinkle of your brow.*

*I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear to you doth force and by its authority draw all these words from my heart and mouth.*

*Mistris, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpness of my circumstances.*

*We must not praise our selves for being better then the worst, but rather blame our selves for being worse then the best; since then I fail in my merits, give me leave to mourn for my imperfections.*

## FAREWELL.

I *Must depart from you, yet shall not your service be deprived of my obedience.*

*Adieu, fair sun of my life, I leave you for this present; but be always assured, that my minde and my desires shall never depart from you.*

*Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewell, nor how to finish this Discourse, which once ended, our disconsolate departure follows.*

*Wo is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, losing (with the happiness of your sight) the most perfect object of beatitude?*

*Farewell, Madam, be always fortunate, whilst I shall languish unhappy, though most constant.*

## Expressions of Affection.

YOu can never do so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have imposed in you, will prove far greater.

*Mistress, You are the first to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered, and shall (if you please) be the last that shall have the last possession of it.*

*Do but let me once discover my affections to you, & then command me to perpetual silence if you please.*

*You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.*

*Bear well in mind mine affection, that though I be removed from your fair eyes, I may not be so far from your favours.*

The

### *The Lovers impression of Constancy.*

I Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stability and stedfastness, that my loyalty and my love shall inseparably wait upon you. My constancy may easily shew you, that I have as good an heart to die for you, as I have a mind and a desire to live and love you.

I shall make it appear to after-times, that I am the man who for your sake have made my self an invincible Rock of stedfastness; for I shall still hug my constancy, and never let it stir from me till my last gasp.

### *Upon her Affability and Courtesie.*

IT is your Courtesie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature hath denied me. Your Courtesie will force the most rigid *Cato* to turn your Proselyte, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tubbe, enamoured with your Beautie.

Each part above you shines with a peculiar Grace; but in your mild behaviour they all concentrate.

Upon your Brow, Beauty and Honor sit enthron'd, whence in your stately Carriage they dispence their powerful Laws.

It is out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is of duty that I honour you.

Upon

## *Upon a* LOVERS *Fear.*

LOvers live alwaies in more fear then hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrows, then hear of their joies.

Ladie, I have just cause to fear, lest by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much distant, my sense may be deceived; you far transcend my deserts, but my desires lie captive at your feet; one beam from your bright eie will kindle them a-new, and add a new vigor to me your languishing prostrate.

The fear I have, lest my slender merit should take away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joies imperfect, which my sweetest thoughts made me judge so full and entire.

## *On her desert.*

FAirest, be but as desirous of my content, as I am of your service.

My desires make me as careful to please you, as I am bound by dutie, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish Heaven that gave me the boldness of desire, had likewise graced me with deserts.

## *To give, or present.*

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up unto you with the same heart wherewith I vowed you my service. Your

Your bounty hath furnished me with power, and your example with will: Accept therefore this small present, gleaned from your plenteous harvest, which shal ever testifie to the ungrateful world how much I glory to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founders.

I should be ignorant and ungrateful too, should I presume to think it worthie your acceptance, when every jewel receivs its character of value from your esteem.

The mass of all my wealth made up together, disclaims the name of merit; and therefore here I freely give it up, and in the strong Indentures of loyaltie, I bind my self your Prentice.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant, then ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, then the merit of the gift; and to accept it, not as a thing of desert, but as a testimony of good will.

## A COMPLEMENT.

YOur eloquent deserts speak love; and I should wrong you to lock it in the Wards of covert bosom, when it deservs (with characters of brass) a forted residence against the tooth of time, and a razor of oblivion; therefore my soul cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks, fore-running more requitals. Oh! how you are winding up the Watch of your wit!

Sir

Sir, I cannot but admire the delight and life of your Wit, the light of your Wisdom, and the Mercury of your Eloquence.

*An Answer.*

SWeet Mistris, I could not (without making my self guilty of irreverence) speak otherwise to you, then in a way of *praise*.

I value love in all, but (*fair Lady*) most in you, where I find it richly sitting on the neck of Honor.

Fair one, Such is the gulled condition of the age, that should my feeble Encomiums presume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largest manner merits, the fairest title I should gain for my true meaning, would be Parasite.

Madam, Let others daub and flatter, I'le not give over to draw true lines, but maugre all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, Vertuous and fair.

In a word, Madam, to live with you, is to live with all the Graces; for Nature hath made you the example of all her liberalities.

Madam, I will put it upon the file of thankful remembrance, and register it for a singular act of your beneficence.

*A Lady and a Knight.*

Sir, say not you love, unless you do,
For lying will not honor you.

*His Answer.*

Madam, I love, I love to lye,
And will not lye, unless by you:
You say I lye, I say you.

A

## A Lovers sad Passion for losse of his Mistris.

WHere shall I find that melancholly Muse
That never heard of any thing but moan?
And read that passion that her pen doth use
When she and sorrow sadly sit alone?
To tell the world more then the world can tel,
What fits indeed, most fitly figured Hel.

Let me not think once of the smallest thought,
Nay speak of Love, then of the greatest grief,
Where every lover with sorrows ever-wrought,
Live but in death, despairing of relief: (sunder
While thus my heart with torments torn a-
May of the world be call'd the woful wonder.

The Day's like Night, all darkned in distress,
Pleasure becomes a subject unto pain;
The Spirit's overprest with heavinesse,
While helpless horror vexeth every vein; (pas'd,
Death shakes her dart, grief hath my grave pre-
Yet to more sorrow is my spirit spar'd.

The owly eies that not endures the light, (death
The night-ravens song that soundeth nought but
The Cockatrice that killeth with her sight
The poisoned air that choaks the sweetest breath:
Thunders and Earthquakes all together met:
These tell a little how my life is set.

Were

Were woes dissolv'd to sighs, and sighs to tears,
And every tear a torment of the mind,
The minds distress unto the deadly fears,
That find more death then death it self can find:
Death to that life, that living can discry
A little more yet of my misery.

Put all the woes of all the world together,
Sorrow and Death set down in all their pride,
Let misery bring all her Muses hither,
With all the horror that the heart may hide:
Then read the state but of my ruthful story,
And say my grief hath gotten sorrows glory.

For Natures sickness sometime may have ease,
Fortune (though fickle) sometime is a friend;
The minds affection patience may appease,
And Death is cause that many torments end.

To shew the nature of my pain / alas!
Pain hath no nature to discry my pain,
But where that pain it self in pain doth pass,
Think on vexation so in every vein. (tell,
That hopeless, helpless, some endless pain may
Save hell it self, but mine, there is no hell.

If such love be a ground of deadly grief,
Consuming cares hath caught me by the heart;
If want of comfort, hopeless of relief,
Be further woe, so weigh my inward smart:
If loves unkindness, so my grief is grounded;
If causeless wronged, so my heart is wounded.

If

If love refused, so read on my ruin:
If truth disgraced, so my sorrow moved:
If faith abus'd, the ground my sorrow grew in:
If virtue scorned, so my death approved.
If death delaying, so my heart perplexed:
If living, dying, so my spirit vexed.

My Infant-years mis-spent in childish toys:
My riper years in rules of little reason:
My better years in all mistaken joys:
My present time (O most unhappy season!)
In fruitless labor, and in endless love,
O what a horror hath my life to prove!

I sigh to see my infancy mispent:
I mourn to find my youthful life misled:
I weep to feel my farther discontent:
I dye to try how love is living dead:
I sigh, I mourn, I weep, I living dye,
And yet must live to shew more misery.

The hûted Hart somtime doth leave the Hound:
My heart, alas! doth never leave the Chase:
The live Hounds line somtimes is yet unsound:
My hands are hopeless of so high a grace.
Summer restores what Winter doth deprive;
But my love withered, never can revive.

I cannot figure sorrows in conceit,
Sorrow exceeds all figures in our sense;
But on my wo even sorrows all may wait,
To see a note exceed their excellence.

Let

Let me conclude, to see how I am wounded,
A Lover himself is in his Love confounded.

But whereof groweth this passion of the pain
That thus perplexeth every other part?
Whence is the humor of this hateful vain,
So damps the spirit, and consume the heart?
O let my soul with bitter tears confess,
It is the ground of all unhappiness.

If lack of Love, I am the note of need:
If lack of Friends, no faith on earth remains:
If lack of Health, see how my soul doth bleed:
If lack of Pleasure, look upon my pains.
If lack of love, of friends, of wealth & pleasure,
Say then my sorrow must be out of measure.

Measure! no measure, measure can my thought
But that one Love that is beyond all measure,
Which knowing how my grief hath now been wrought,
Can bring her Love into the highest pleasure:
Which must my sorrows either cut off quite,
Or never let me think upon delight.

There is a lack that tells me of a life;
There is a loss that tells me of a Love:
Betwixt them both, a state of such a strife
As makes my spirit such a passion prove:
That lack of one, and the others loss, alas,
Makes me the woful'st wretch that ever was.

*A SCHOLLAR in praise, or rather dispraise of his Mistris.*

A Schollar to win his Mistris love,
Compar'd her to three Goddesses above;
And swore she had (to give her due deserts)
*Pallas*, *Juno*, and fair *Venus* parts.
*Pallas* was foul and grim, so out of measure,
That neither gods nor men in her took pleasure
*Juno* so shrowd and curst was of her tongue,
That all misliked her both old and young.
*Venus* unchast, strong *Mars* enticing still
To garnish *Vulcan's* temples, and fulfil
Her lust. Now think you these are praises mean,
Compared to a Slut, a Shrow, a Queane?
A woman kind that is not true,
Plays false, and makes her Husband rue:
If true she be, and nothing kind,
She is a Corrasive to his mind.
True kindness, and kind truth in one,
Makes up a happy union.

*On Maids Inconstancy.*

SHall I weep, or shall I sing?
I know not best which fits mourning.
If I weep, I ease my brain:
If I sing, I sweeten pain.
Weeping I'le sing, and singing weep,
To see how Maids no love can keep.

On

*On a beautiful and fair Lady, called my Lady* MAY, *and her dear Love Mr.* FIELD.

THis is the sweet & pleasant Month of *May*,
Which clothes the *Field* in his most rich ar-
Adorning him with colours better di'de (ray;
Than any King can wear, than any Bride.
But *May* is almost spent, the *Field* grows dun
With gazing over-much on *May*'s hot Sun.
Vouchsafe, O *Zephyrus*, thou gentle wind,
And you, O floods, unto the *Field* be kind:
Distil your honied drops, this heat to lay,
Or else poor *Field* will burn in midst of *May*.

*On a Lovers departing.*

THough envious fortune (which could ne're have while
As yet to grace me with one pleasing smile,
But ever frowns) now to augment my grief,
Bars me my sight, my refuge and relief:
Yet thou'st my heart (my Dear) instead of me;
And as it lives, so shall it die with thee.
Though I must part, and parting be a pain,
Keep thou my heart till I return again:
So that in part, I but depart from thee,
Thou hast my heart, the rest remains with me;
Which rest shall rest, that find, till having run
Its wonted course, and where it first begun:
What more remains? best thoughts shall thee attend;
My love in thee begun, in thee shall end.

On

### *On Virginity.*

Jewels being lost, are found again,
This never; this lost but once, is lost for ever.
Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
For falling out, their falling out was well.

### *On the dispraise of Women.*

O Heavenly powers! why did you bring to light
That thing call'd Woman, Natures oversight?
That born tyrant, proud shop of vanity;
That guilded Weather-cock, trunck of misery.
That wayward, froward, that unconstant evil,
That seeming Saint, sole factor for the Devil:
For what's a Woman? she is such a creature
As Nature, striving to adorn her feature,
Forgot to make her honest; this was she
That first pluck'd fruit from the forbidden tree;
For which accurst, she then began to fall
From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all.
Now therefore thus I will define a Woman,
She is a spightful creature, true to no man:
'Tis plain she can do more then can the Devil,
For man, which God made good, did she make evil.
And oft those Women which we oft do chuse,
Are oft the cause why men so oft do perish.

*An Answer to the former.*

BLeſt be you Heavenly Powers that brought to light
That precious thing call'd *Woman*, man's delight:
That free-born ſubject, kaſk full of treaſure,
That conſtant Author of man's hoped pleaſure.
That ſportleſs, harmleſs Saint, not knowing evil,
No Devil's Factor, unleſs man's the Devil:
She is a work ſo purely wrought that Nature
Knew not whether it were more adorn'd with feature,
Or with chaſt honeſty: Yea, this was ſhe,
Fruit of whoſe Womb freed man from miſery,
For which ſhe's bleſt, that her ſons fault ſhould fall,
From ſmall to leſs, from leſs to none at all.
And therefore thus I will define a Woman,
She's lovely, faithful, conſtant, falſe to no man.
And what ſhe can do more then can the Devil,
'Tis true, ſhe made thoſe good which he made evil.
And if ſweet womans love no man ſhould cheriſh.
Thoſe that condemn them, without them let periſh.

*Of Woman, of Women.*

ARE Women fair? yea paſſing fair to ſee to.
Are Women ſweet? yea paſſing ſweet they be too: Both

Both fair & sweet they be to them that love them
Be women proud? yea, passing proud, and
praise them.
Are women kind? yea, wondrous kind, and
please them.
Envious and disdainful if you move them:
More proud then wise, and yet we fools must
love them.
Are women wise? not wise, but wondrous witty.
Are women witty? yea, the more's the pitty.
They are so witty, and they are so wily,
That being ne're so wise, they will beguile you.
Are women fools? not fools, but fondlings
many.
Are women shrows? not shrows, but sheepish-
nosey,
Or if in sheepes attire they please to clothe
them,
'Tis done as Foxes do, that none may know
them.
Are women saints? no saints, nor yet no De-
vils.
Are women Good? no, they are needful evils:
So Angel-like, that Devils none need doubt
them,
And yet so needful, that none can live without
them.

## An EPITHALAMIUM for a WED-DING NIGHT.

NOw is that welcome night addrest
When Love and Beauty makes a feast.

Let

Let not the Bridegroom be afraid,
Though he encounter with a Maid:
Shee'l squeek, shee'l cry,
Shee'l faint, shee'l eye,
Shee'l fear, as she did tremble:
But take her, and rowse her,
And mowse her, and towse her,
For she doth but dissemble.
Now Mistris Bride, thus much to you,
The Item I shall give, is true;
Young Maidens must not be too coy
To entertain their wishes joy;
But take him, and tug him,
And rug him, and lug him,
For thus true love is tryed;
Nor be too nice in yeilding things
Which must not be denied.

## *Protestations of Chastity.*

I'le bind my hands to fasten just desire,
My tongue shall fear to wrong my Mistris fair:
And if to gaze on her my eyes aspire,
I'le wash them forth with my repentant tears:
If my proud hands dares once offend my Love,
Or make an offer of a guilty touch,
I'le cut the veins whereby my fingers move,
And bleed the last, my love to her is such:
If any part or motion of my sence
Transcends the limits of my Love's direction,
My body's death shall ransome that offence,
My soul's engag'd so deep in her perfection.

### A Description of Love.

A Lover is like the Herb *Heliotropia*, which alwayes inclineth to that place where the sun shineth; and being deprived of the sun, dieth; so Lunaries Herb as long as the Moon waxeth, bringeth forth leaves, and the waning shaketh them off. So a Lover whilst he is in the company of his Lady, where all joys encrease, uttereth many pleasant conceits; but banished from the light of his Mistris, where all mirth decreaseth, either liveth in melancholly, or dieth with desparation.

### Of Constancy in Love.

CONstancy is like unto the Stork, who whersoever she flies, cometh into no nest but her own; or the Lapwing, whom nothing can drive from her young ones but death.

The conjie of a Lover should be like the Point in a Dial, which though it go, none can see it going; or a young Tree, which though it grow, none can perceive it growing.

### The Triangle in Love.

THere must be in every Triangle three lines, the first beginneth, the second augmenteth, the third concludeth it a figure. So in Love three Vertues; the first Affection, which draweth the heart; the second Secresie, which encreaseth

seth the hope; the third Constancy, which finisheth the Work: Without any of these three Rules, no Triangle; without these three Vertues, no Love.

*Another.*

LOve is not unlike the fig-tree, whose fruit is sweet, but the root is more bitter than the claw of *Byrra*; or like the apple in *Persia*, whose blossome favoureth like honey, whose bud is more sowre then gall; as the Adament draweth the heavy Iron, and the Harp the Fleet-Dolphin, so beauty alloureth the chast mind to love, and the wisest wit to lust: and who more trayterous to *Phillis* than *Demophoon*? yet he a traveller: Who more perjured to *Dido* than *Aeneas*? and he a stranger. Who more false to *Ariadne* than *Theseus*? yet he a Sayler. Who more fickle to *Medea* than *Jason*? yet he a Straten. Again, Love is like musk, though it be sweet in smell, it is lower in the smack: The leaf of the Cedar-tree, though it be fair to be seen, yet the syrup deprives the sight: Even so Love, though it be plighted by saluting each other with a kiss, yet it is shaken off by fraud of the heart. A perfect Lover should be like the Glow-Worm, which shineth most bright in the dark; or like the pure Frankincence, which smelleth most sweet when it is in the fire; or to the Damask-Rose, which is sweeter in the still, than on the stalk.

*In praise of a loving Friend.*

OF all the Heavenly gifts on earth
Which mortal men commend,
No treasure well may countervail
A true and faithful friend.
What sweeter solace can befall
Then such aone to find,
As in whose breast thou mayest repose
The secrets of thy mind?
If flattering fortune seem to frown
And drive thee to distrest,
A faithful friend will help at need,
And make thy sorrows lesse.
Oh precious item! Oh Jewel great!
Oh Friendship! Pearl of Price!
Thou surely dost each thing excel
That man can well devise.
The Golden Mines are soon decay'd
When Fortune turns the wheel;
And force of Arms is soon allay'd
If body sickness feel:
And cunning Art soon overthrown,
Experience teacheth plain,
And all things else their course doth change,
When friendship doth remain.
But since by proof we have been taught
A feigned friend to know,
I will not trust such flattering tongues
More than an open foe.

*On the effects of their Love.*

YOu shall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The constancy of my affection hath been such, that it hath overcome the worst of difficulties; and the expectation of the harbour hath made the danger easie.

When a-midst the waves of your disdain my half-ship wrack'd Vessel began to sink, each sigh I fetched (I see at length) found a courteous gale to bring me home to you my blessed Harbour.

One day you will come to know the conclusion of the irreproachable testimonies of my true and faithful promises.

*Upon her Eloquence.*

YOur Eloquence is able to steal the soul out of ones heart, and carry it whether it would not go.

O speak again, 'twill make the Spheares lay by their warbling Lutes, and listen to your tongue.

Each articulated syllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my soul, and captivates my senses.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The

The Eloquence of your most sweet words closes my lips, and binds them to perpetual silence.

## EXCUSES.

IN excusing your unjust fear, you seem to accuse my boldness.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuse.

I presume upon your pardon for my former suspitious fears, and the rather, because the goodness of your Nature stiles them the individual concommitants of love.

I pray you hear my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my Justification.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults; upon the acknowledgement therefore of my late transgression, you cannot find a fitter subject for your mercy.

## *Experience of a Lover.*

I Have so much experience of your good will, that it onely remains that you make trial of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such trial of your friendship and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each Messenger affords fresh Characters of your friendship, and every day I see the spring of your love breaking through new channels.

*Upon her Face.*

THE wonders of your face made me their captive as soon as I saw them, and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your prisoner and servant.

As she appears, so day breaks, and with her beams dispersas all my clouds and mists of discontent.

The Epitome of Nature is comprized in her Face, where she hath freely given a taste of all her pride and glory.

*Upon her Favors.*

IF you judge or deem me worthy to favor you, hold that your merits are much more then my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie for the favours I have received of you: if you please to encrease my knowledge in telling me how I may serve you again, I shall be doubly obliged.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledg this favourable proof of your condition and honesty.

*Upon her Fortunes.*

FOrtune strives now to make me pay the interest of those pleasures she formerly lent me.

Dame

Dame Fortune is too covetous and usurious in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appear to you just like an empty vessel that wants his lading, with full blown sailes of Love: Indeed 'tis true, and I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my Compass fail me not, my Genius tells me I shall soon arrive.

O withdraw not those two stars: by their blest light I steer my crazie Bark, and hope to enjoy the wished-for shore of happiness.

*Upon her hatred.*

I Do not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not composed of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your fore-head, but malice resided in your soul, and lay concealed in your mind.

*On her inconstancy.*

YOu use your friends as one doth flowers, which please onely when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

*In praise of her Face.*

HER Face is Love's Copy to read wonders on.

She cannot put her face in such a form but I must like it.

Her lively Face disdaines all adulterous arts.

A perpetual spring of beauty dwels in that Face of hers.

Fairer then *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face veiled with a Robe of darkness, shines clearer through it then the eye of the day.

The fairest that ever Nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face, is to live.

Whose looks would force the warring Elements into order.

*For her retention of him in her memory.*

DO not that wrong to your true Love, to let him slide out of your memory, the onely Monument where his felicity desires to be inshrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the most sensible part of my soul.

*Of his Merits.*

I Could never do so great a thing, but would be too smal for your merits and my desires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humor permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to serve you.

The praises you attribute unto me, proceed from your wil, and not from any merit of mine.

*The necessity of his Affections.*

THe necessity of Love is most mighty in the world, for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that necessity that inforceth us to embrace such a desired blessing as your self.

I was all frozen until the sunshine of your favor thawed my benummed spirit; but when you darted your quickned beams, the spring of my affections budded forth in the most pleasant blossoms of Love.

The Magnetick-stone starts not with such natural activity to the North-stars summons, as I when you command.

*Protestations of Obedience.*

I Shal not all the days of my life, have a will which shal not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am so much yours as you can wish me.

*To offer and present service.*

ALl the honor and ambition I aspire at, is to see my self imployed in your service.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not sufficient to command the affections I bear you.

All that is mine is no less yours then are your thoughts and words.

The most favorable gift you can offer me, is your friendship, a jewel I prefer before all other treasures.

## WISHES.

HEaven (which hears the vows of the faithful) bless and content your desires.

I need not wish you more, but a continuance of those graces you most eminently possess already.

May you meet with such a Paramour as may equal (for sure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may the same shaft with an undivided haste, pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the same date, and when we have made our selves unworthy of enjoying any longer such a worthy pattern and rich example of pure affection, after you have seen a second generation, may death gently transport you to that place of blisse where he himself can never come.

God make you the happiest Woman that lives,

lives, even as he hath made you the fairest and most accomplished.

Heaven grant that you may be as faithful, as you are dear to me.

*Bewailing of a Lover.*

I Do so bewail our separation, that nothing can even touch my soul like the grief I endure by it.

The greatest grief I carry along with me when I part from this place, it is to see how I am for ever deprived of your fair presence.

*To give thanks.*

IF I have done you any acceptable service, I think it was but the shadow of what I desire to shew you by real effects.

To tickle your ears with breath of Complement, or the eye of some presently contrived News, would be to intimate the *What lack you?* to give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you but as borrowed I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you be but small, yet the desire I had to acknowledge the honors I have received from you, are exceeding great.

### On the Deceits of Love.

Your fair eies have too much Majesty to serve for baits or allurements of a dissembling Love.

Do not deceive him that wil out-brave death it self to secure your life, and withstand the frowns of Fortune to protect your Honors.

### On his LIFE.

MY Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, so that it will be well acted. Sweetest, if the last Scœne be tragick, your cruelty must be the *Nemesis*.

Our life without some pleasantness, is like a long journey without an Inn, or like a bed of Roses, I whose flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you please from your hospitable bounty to refresh my over-wearied and solitary progress, I shal conclude my time richly spent, having attained the end at which alwaies I aim'd; but you have hitherto closed up your fragrant sweet, and amidst the sternest bryars of discourtesy, have left me miserably entangled.

### On the Lustre of her Eye.

Your Eies flash so much lightning, that like Suns they dazzle the sight of all such as dare behold them.

Your souls bright lustre sparkles in your Eye, and like the *Persian*, that onely Sun I adore.

You

You have so established your soveraignty over my soul, that the least twinkle of your eies dispossess me of the state of my life.

## Amorous EXPRESSIONS.

THis kiss, and thy white hand.

Her spring of beauty raised in him noble desires, which soon broke forth in liberal streams.

Let me rule Lady, like a Planet in the Orb of your favors.

You have a most imperious beauty, I must obey it.

Delight shall stream into our bosom.

A faint Lovers wishes cannot recall the hours.

I will embrace thee as all wealth and honor.

Though she were divided from me by Armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

Let me dwell an age upon those lips.

She is a sparkling delightful piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and Goddess of Beauty.

She is a Mine of pleasing joies and sweetness.

The great Commandress of all hearts.

I cannot speak to thee; go thy waies.

Wee'l strive to make the example of Love an easie Law.

As white as truth, as innocent as virtue.

Take

Take all your vows again, you are as free as the Air.

The *Cyprian* Queen compared to thee, was but a *Negro*.

Whose love is the Exchequer of Wealth.

A spring of love issues from her soul.

I must walk in the dark, and be benighted to all the world but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flie, burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of so composed a man.

Crown your servant, Mistris, with this favour.

*A Magnificent present of* SIMILITUDES, COMPARISONS, *and* EXAMPLES, *collected for the* READERS *Application.*

AS the glittering beams of the Sun when it riseth deckeeth the Heavens, so the beauty of a good wife adorneth the house. As golden pillars do shine upon the Sockets of silver, so doth a fair face in a virtuous mind.

Her tresses are like the colored Hyacinth of *Arabia.*

Her love is such a fire as either will burst forth, or burn the house; it is such a stream as will either have his course, or break through the banks, and make a deluge, or else force their heart-strings to rack with secresie.

He that is stung of a Scorpion, must be healed by affection.

To stop the stream, is to make the Ford flow more fiercely; to repress the fire, is to make it flame the more furiously.

Like a *Dimophoon* that deceived *Phillis.*

Like an *Aneas* that falsified his faith to *Dido.*

Like *Apollo's* passion.

Like *Theseus* that forsook his *Ariadne.*

Conclude not all things by general Axioms.

Measure not all mens minds by a few particular instances.

Though some have been fleeting, think not all to be false.

Try

Try me, I refer my passions to my proofs and as you find me loyal, so reward me with love.

Had not *Juno* been jealous of *Jupiter*, *Jo* had not been turned into a Heifer.

If suspition had not prickt *Menelaus*, *Helena* had not stoln away with *Paris*.

*Procris* had been alive, had she not suspected *Cephalus*.

Love shortneth not onely the life, disquieteth the mind, but sometimes is the cause of most strange and bloody Massacres.

Her eie is like the Diamond, and so pointeth, that it pierceth to the quick.

Her motion is so chast, as she is seen therein as in a Mirrour.

Courtly temper'd with a virtuous disdain.

Her Countenance is the very man of modesty.

Her beauty is like the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for shew, nothing for profit.

Like the Apple of *Tantalus*, that is precious in the eie, and dust in the hand.

Like to the Star *Artophilax*, that is most bright, but fitteth not for any Compass.

Like young men that standeth upon their outward pourtraiture.

Like *Æneas*, a brave man, but a foul dissembler.

Like a fond Girl, all's but little worth if they be not wealthy.

To tye a head strong Girl from love, is to call a *Sisiphus* stone, or breathe words into the wind.

Who

Who most doth love, must seem most to neglect it.

A denial at the first is counted a grant: a gentle answer a mockery.

Ladies use their Lovers as the Stork doth her young ones, who pricketh them till they bleed with her Bill, and then healeth them with her tongue.

A Bull being tyed to the Fig-tree, loseth his strength.

A whole Herd of Deer stand a-gaze if they smell a sweet apple.

A Dolphin by the sound of Musick is brought to shore.

As the kind Spaniel, though he hunt after birds, yet forsaketh them to retrive the Partidge.

As we commonly feed on Beef hungerly at the first, yet seeing the quail more dainty, change our dyet.

The admonition of a true friend should be like the practise of a wise Physician, who wraps his sharp Pills in Sugar.

Or like a Chyrurgion, who lanncing the wound with an Icon, immediately applieth to it soft lint.

Mothers deal with their children for worms, who put their bitter seeds into sweet Raisins.

Vertue flourisheth when beauty fadeth; it waxeth young when age approacheth, and resembleth the Ivy-leaf, who although it be dead, continueth green.

Let there be such a faithful and inviolable league of of love betwixt us begun, as neither length

length of time, nor the distance of place, nor threatning of friends, nor the spight of fortune, nor the fear of death can alter or diminish

Let us be like *Hypocrates* twins, who were born together, and dyed together.

If death should separate you from me, I would imitate the Eagle which *Sesta* the Virgin brought up.

*As* the precious stone *Sandestra* hath nothing in outward appearance but that which seemeth black, and being broken, it poureth forth beams like the Sun.

Like *Apelles*, who when *Bencephalus* was painted, craved the judgement of none but *Zeuxis*.

Like *Prisius*, who when *Jupiter* was carved, asked the censure of none but *Lysippus*.

Plants are nourish'd with little rain, yet drowned with much.

How valiantly *Ajax* boasted in the seat of arms, yet *Vlisses* bore away the armor.

Eloquent words may please the ear, but sufficient matter perswades the heart.

*As* the Herb Moly hath a flower as white as Snow, and a root as black as Ink.

*As* amongst the *Ægyptians* there was no man esteemed happy that had not a Beast full of spots.

*As* the Indian *Vranasiops* doth ever view the azur'd Skies, and the bright burning raies of the firmament, and never fixeth her eyes on the earth, deeming things sublunary too base an object for the *sensorium* of her light.

*As*

As a feigned friend is much like a Serpent bred in *Egypt*, called a *Crocodile*, who when she singeth, poisoneth; and when she weepeth, devoureth.

The Lyon so loveth her whelps, that she never casteth of the prey till they are fully satisfied.

Like the apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbing are sometimes made incurable.

As the savour of the *Pamber* seemeth sweet to none but bruit beasts.

As continued rain moisteneth the earth so, that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a ship in the sea without a guide (leaning now on one side, then on another) is often in great danger.

As Bees when they strive together, or stirred up by some violent motion; with strowing of dust are brought into order and appeased.

As *Apothecaries* do cover their pills with some sweet substance, to make them go down the pleasanter.

As the sucking of a child brings milk into the Mothers Breasts.

As there is no shelter where there is no Sun.

As a Gardener mingleth divers seeds together, and casts them into ground; yet will they not be confounded together one with another, but every seed will have its proper Herb.

As Swallows and Flyes are dead in the winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in Summer.

As the Gold smith by his art can sever divers Metals one from another, and some men out of one Metal can draw another.

As the Sun and Moon being of one substance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous images, such as none ever could make but himself.

As continual drops of water hollow the hard stone.

As those men that live by the River *Nylus*, are made deaf by the continual noise of the waters.

As the disease of a Canker alwayes infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof cast up mire and dirt.

As in fining, the drosse is separate from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakness in the sight, which causeth a party to think he sees straws whereas he sees men.

As a Thunder-bolt cast out of the Clouds, spareth the matter that submitteth it self to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatsoever resisteth.

As the morning-dew soon after the rising of the Sun languisheth away.

As the Medicinal Plaister cannot heale a wound if there be any Iron stucken in it.

As the Rose, the most pleasant of all flowers, is gathered upon rough briars.

Like the ape, which with embracings doth well nigh kill her young ones.

As

As the Moon hath so much the less light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the first step to health, is to know the disease.

As by great showers and storms of rain the air is cleansed.

As in Garlands, the beauty of the flowers except they be orderly composed, are not half so glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipsed, nor loseth her light till she is at the full.

As they that dwel in low valleys are seldom hurt with lightning.

As the pure Coral will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worm keepeth her body spare and empty, using to fast two or three days together, that she might stretch out her self, and spin her thred the finer.

As a little spark many times setteth a whole house on fire.

As Owls and Night-Crows see better in the night then in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddie.

As a strong Corrasive laid to a sore, eats out all the dead flesh.

Like as when the body is distempered, and some members putrified, it is then best for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never sufficed with wood, and earth with water.

As they that are sick of the Dropsie, encrease their thirst by drinking.

As children are like to their natural Parents in honor, speech and laughter.

As the Libard with a strange kind of policy to kill the Apes, lies down as if he were stark dead, which the Apes seeing, come all together, and in delight skips upon him; that the Libard bears patiently, until he think they have all wearied themselves with sporting; then suddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for shearing.

Like as the *Pellean*, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being stung or killed by Serpents, she picketh out her heart-blood to revive them again.

Like the undistinct sound of Musick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new-moon-grass freshly to spring again, and comforts the earth that it yeilds forth fruit.

As the Ostritch hath wings, yet flieth not.

As sweet scents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter when it is farthest off from the Pole, is nearest the earth.

As the Lightning blasts all it meets with, but the Lawrel-tree.

As the Chyrurgion cuts and searches before he heal the wound.

As

As in Musick, if the harmony of the strings be not consonant, the sound is not sweet nor acceptable to the tunable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, except it be a little covered with a cloud.

As the Head gives sense and motion to the members.

As from the stock sap is derived to the graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glasse filled with an extream strong liquor, cannot but burst in sunder, not because of any antipathy that is between them, but because the glasse is not of sufficient strength to contain the liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to do with her Husband, nor any thing of his, because of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear sun into the shadow, have their sight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air, they appear in their own proper forms and colours as they are, but if they be look't upon through a greene Glasse, they all appear green.

As the soul doth so quicken the body, that notwithstanding the members of the same in themselves are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay as long as they have any participation with the soule.

As the light of the Sun yeelds him no pleasure that is in a dark dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in sorrow.

As the Ocean, which is but one, is divided into parts, according to Regions and Countreys against which it beth.

As the superfluous humors in the veins are no parts of the body.

As the Moon is not alwayes visible, being in her change.

As the hand being cut from the body, dieth, and wanteth life.

As the Vine or Garden, decayeth with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof it be watered with showers.

As men discern the weather by the wind.

As *Apelles* the Painter much lamented if he mist one day without some line or picture.

As Vines without lopping grow wild and fruitless.

As a tree bringeth forth first leaves, then blossomes, then fruit.

As water moderateth wine.

As fire is an instrument of Medicinal arts.

As the body without the soul enjoyeth no life.

As Roses and Lillies grow among thorns.

As a Physician cureth a man by taking away his blood, and ill humors by cutting and searching the flesh.

As the *Hiena* hearing the voice of a man speaking like a friend, and the mind of a wolf devouring like a fiend.

As the Panther, who with the sweetness of his breath, and beauty of his Coat, allureth such beasts within his compass as he intendeth

to

to uncase and prey upon their Carkase.

As the flattering *Syrens*, that sweetly sing the Sailors wrack; and the Fowlers Pipe, that pleasantly playeth the Birds death.

Like as the Grammer is the key of knowledge; Logick the rule of Reason; Rhetorick the Mother of Eloquence; Musick the sweet recreations of wearied minds; Astronomy the secret knowledge of the nature and course of the Heavens; Arithmetick the art of numbering; and Geomotry the art to work by rule, compasse, weight and measure.

As very a Coward as *Climax*.

As love is the bewitcher of the wit, the rebel to reason, the betrayer of resolution, and the defiler of the thoughts.

Friendship is praise-worthy of all men.

Bought friends are seldom sure.

Like unto *Arabian* Ravens, who so long as they are full, do make a pleasant noise; but being empty, they yeild a hideous cry.

As anger is accompanied with ambition, and causeth a man to slay himself.

As *Ajax* seeing that the *Grecians* had prefer'd *Ulisses* before him, and had bestowed upon him the armor of *Achilles*, as a recompence of his wisdom, fell mad.

Like Swallows, that think every sunshine a Summers-day.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once set on fire, burn till they consume themselves.

## To tender any thing to a Prince.

*MOst high and illustrous Prince, it may appear great boldnesse in me to hope that the least beam of your love should visite in my unworthinesse, to cherish this imperfect and unworthy work of your loyal and obedient subjects: yet nevertheless I humbly recommend it to your gracious protection, under which I enjoy all the felicities that may be, and in which I can take joy of them all: If your Highnesse will vouchsafe to accept it, who dares reject it? if allow it, who can reprove it? If protect it, what Momus barking, or Zoylus biting, can any way hurt it, or annoy it? And thus most humbly craving pardon for this boldnesse, I cease to write, though I will not to wish, that your Highnesse's felicities may never cease.*

## Another.

*THat which hath been imagined of a Golden Age, as an India of all perfect happinesse, was but a prophesie of your gracious Reign, showring down felicity in such a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience, while I shall account it the chiefest honor that my birth and fleers could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty in exposing my life to any danger in your service.*

## Another.

*SIR, though I cannot worthily deſerve nor deſerve your gracious favours, yet it will ſhew you neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyal ſervice. Let not the poorneſs of my merit, or the obligation, make them contemptible in your ſight; for I have long had an earneſt zeal to expreſs with what integrity I adore the Vertues wherewith you are replenished; far above all flattery; ſo that your gracious reign is but the Galaxia, or Milk-white path, through which you travel in your happy Government, and by example lead your Subjects to Heaven.*

## Another.

*MAdam, there are no words ſignificant enough to expreſs how I honor your royal perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world, while I make it the chief employment of life to attend upon your commands, which to obey is perfect happineſs.*

## An humble Addreſs to a great Lord.

*MY Lord, in regard of thoſe many favors which your Honor hath heaped on me, I am bound not only to acknowledge my happineſs therein, but alſo to deſire that you would always reckon me in the number of your moſt obliged ſervants.*

## Otherwise.

*My Lord, as it is a great happiness for me to come into your presence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency from the altar of an humble heart, so it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this present opportunity to make tender of my service.*

## Otherwise.

*My Lord, it will become me, amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent Virtues, amongst which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefest, wherof, as others have had experience, so I doubt not but you will favourably accept the obligation and presentments of my humble service.*

## Another to some great Lord.

*Most noble Lord, as I hold it for a principal favour in admitting me to kiss your Honors hand, so shall I esteem my self most happy for ever, in that your Honor will be pleased to accept me henceforth as ranked in that number and catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.*

## Another.

*My Lord, the rank you hold with the great and singular ornaments of virtues in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little which is in*

me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions my service in obsequious humility.

## Another.

*Most honored Lord, May your Excellencies will be pleased to permit me to exercise my small endeavors of rendering my duty to your Honor, in expectation that Heaven will favour me so far, as to grant me opportunities whereby I may make appear in effect, the desires I have to present you with my best service and endeavours.*

## To entreat a Courtesie of a Friend.

A. SIR, as necessity hath no Law, so it hath no shame: for contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate suitor unto you.

A. Sir, name it, it must be something more than I know of which I can deny you, who are always modest in your requests.

A. Sir, I fear I shall give you occasion to repent the contrary: I will desire you to lend me your horse to carry away a little treasure by Moon-shine.

A. I do not well understand you, pray interpret yourself, and disguise not your meaning.

A. Sir, I would desire you to dispence with me in a matter that concerns me near: I am to bear away the Vintners daughter, and carry her where she shall remain private till storms be blown over. Pardon me that I have no sooner made you acquainted with my purpose.

A. *I will be ready to assist you; and since your fortune may receive addition from any service of mine, my Horse, were he the Muses Pegasus, he should be your servant; it is but to carry away a piece of this Venison, that's a mean trespass, Cupid hath enough in his Park.*

A. *I am glad you are so pleasant, and do so well apprehend my intents: I was afraid, lest my purpose being known, (which was manifest in me to deliver) I should have suffered repulse, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.*

A. *No Sir, I do account it in you a bravery of mind, that you dare aspire to reach a Fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of Hesperides, watcht by the old Dragon that's asleep: But I would not have you lose time in talk: I will bid the Groom prepare my Horse ready for your employment.*

A. *Sir, the whole service of my life cannot requite your kindness: For since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owe my good Fortune to your favourable assistance.*

A. *Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be prosperous: For I shall rejoice in your happiness as much as in mine own: therefore my best wishes shall be, your good Genius to wait on you, while my prayers solicite Heaven for your happy success.*

A. *Sir, you have express your self a noble friend, and when this business is past, all the study of my life shall be to shew my thankfulness to you.*

A. *Sir, I wish nothing but that you may obtain your desires.*

*To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.*

*A.* PArdon me if I (moved thereto by the zealous affection I bear you) do here express it in the dumb language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance; yet I pray you wear it for my sake, it may draw down your eie to think on me, who am now wounded by the powerful beams of your beauty.

*Gent.* Sir, Though it would shew a scornful mind in me not to accept your love, tendered unto me in such a visible manner, yet I am sorry you should be at so great and needless charge, for wherein can I serve you to make requital?

*Aym.* It is you that maketh this unworthy present precious; for if you please to let it incircle your white finger, it being a Diamond-Ring, will sparkle most in the dark, shewing that Love (like a clouded Star) shines lightest in the night of misfortunes.

*Gent.* Well sir, I am obliged to your courtesie to receive it; and since you please to confer so rich a gift on my unworthiness, I will wear it for your sake.

*Aym.* Then you honour me above my desert; for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed with *Amor Circulus*, Love is a Circle without end.

*Gent.* I must acknowledge your bounty, and my self your servant, for bestowing on me so rich a gift.

*Aym.* The sparkling lustre thereof cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes, but honour me so much to wear it on your finger.

*Gus.* I promise that, and more, acknowledge my self infinitely beholding to you.

*Aym.* You have said too much concerning so poor a Present, yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I shall ever blesse my own happiness.

*To two a coy, scornful Maid.*

*Aym.* LET not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warm your affection by declaring unto you how much I honor your perfection; pray at last be merciful, and do not still reward my love with cold disdain.

*Maid,* Sir, I know that men have powerful Language, but I am none of those young ones; you are deceived if you think that fine musk words can sweeten me up to betray my self: and for my beautie, I would not have you dote on that, it suffices me without commendation.

*A.* Should I not commend what all admire, I were much too blame.

*M.* Sir, wise men admire nothing; for if I were beautiful, what is beautie but a fading flower, blasted often with too much breathing on, and cannot grow safely upon the stalk of Virginitie, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it: Pray excuse me if I prevent such a danger, for love and I are quite falne out.

*A.*

A. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaste love: There is no greater happiness than the sacred union of hearts, especiallie when long and humble suits conquer disdains; and so I hope perseverance will at last crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my desire with a mutual affection.

A. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may spend it to better purpose: for you may intimate your desires, and make tedious discoveries, but in a word, I shall never love you.

A. O say not so! you know not how much miserie those few words would bring upon me: For hope, grounded on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint shadow, whilst in my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a Taper by me, watching my own Funeral, and I will dwell there in a mist of sighs, and all this for your sake.

M. Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of your death: Pray shake off this Love, and I will then acknowledge your kindnesse in ceasing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wisdom, that will cure all distempers.

A. Yet while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel Maid. To conclude, let one parting kisse seal my transport to *Elizium*, and I am gone.

M. Sir, since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next return.

*A.* In confidence of that happineſſe, I will preſume to viſit you again, and live to be your ſervant.

## *A jeſting Diſcourſe with a Maid.*

*Aym.* COme, why will you be an Enemy to your ſelf, and let modeſty keep you ſtill in the ſtate of virginity? I came to offer my ſervice, to help you out of this trouble.

*M.* You are very kind, but I like my preſent eſtate, Maids are happy.

*A.* Alas poor ignorance! doſt thou talk of happineſs? I tell thee, until thou art married, thou art but a Cypher, and of no account.

*M.* O Sir, You are deceived, our hearts are free from the paſſion of love, retain a world of happineſs, being exempted from any want of knowledge; for Maids dying in their preſent condition, do all go to Heaven.

*A.* You are deceived, their puniſhment is to lead apes in hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

*M.* What offer?

*A.* Leſt it ſhould raiſe a bluſh upon your cheek, I will whiſper it into your ear ——you underſtand.

*M.* Take heed ſir, leſt while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle a real fire; I hear too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a baſe ignoble mind.

*A.*

*A.* Why: I did but tel you a truth: I had thought you had been more intellignt, and would not have started at a bold word.

*M.* Nay farwel.

*A.* Pardon me, all I have spoken was to try your temper, & having found you both wise and witty, I wil desire you in a fair maner to to grant me your love, which I only desire: and though I did appear rash and wanton, you shall find me worthy of your affections.

*To contract privately one self, and to tye the knot of marriage.*

*Asym.* NOw our love hath arrived to a happy conclusion, the storms raised by our disdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern: therefore that our new-begun love may never expire, I do here in the sight of Heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away my self wholly to be at your disposing, till the cerimonies of the Church confirm my promise.

*Maid.* With as true an affection I do give my self over into your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you It is therefore expedient that you get my friends good will, according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.

*A.* Heaven I beseech thee bear witnesse to our private agreement, and may I never know one day of comfort when I break my promised vow. Let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a soft kisse seale the obligation of our loves.

*To salute a friend newly arrived from a journey.*

*Alex.* SIR. when first the news of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was heightned with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevent other of your friends, by the first tender of my service, that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs in true perfect sincerity, so it might in place obtain priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.

*A.* Sir, you still continue your former nobleness, making it your chief aim to exceed others in perfection of mind, otherwise I had an intention to visit you, but it is your desire and happinesse to overcome others in kindnesse, for which I can but return you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy *Friend*.

*A.* Sir, you make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption; but it is held that friends have but one soul in two bodies, therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my self, besides after long absence, your company must needs be more precious: so that both love and reason on my side, do perswade me to come and visit you.

*A.*

*A.* Sir, I want words to expresse my mind, or to argue a case in love; but in my opinion I ought to have visited you first, in regard I am very much obliged unto you: But to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affairs, I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do.

*A.* Sir, some of them hath undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible strength of mind; but heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you, are living, and in health.

*A.* Sir, I am wonderful glad to heare of it, and I shall rejoice exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance; I hope I am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

*A.* Sir, Travel hath not wrought much change in you; but I detain you too long I fear, from your rest.

*A.* Sir, were I tyred with travel, as I am not, yet your company would very much refresh me.

*A.* Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troublesome unto you, but to morrow I will waite on you again.

*To entertaine a Friend who is come to visit one.*

*Alex.* SIR, I am most glad to see you; though I have no other entertainment for you but a kind welcom.

*A.*

*Aym.* Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a visit, and to be happy in your society; for in the general, I do find none that can suite my disposition so well as your self.

*A.* Sir, lay what you please of me, I am vowed to your service, and your loving visitation is an addition to your many other kindnesses.

*A.* Sir, all that I acknowledge is a will to do you services, but I have been slow in producing the effects, hereafter I will study to deserve.

*A.* Sir, it is your ingenuous goodness to decline the acknowledgement of your own virtue & deserts, far surpassing my merits; for it's I that am bound to be your servant.

*A.* Sir, it is I that am obliged to you by many strong ties of affection, from which the service of my life cannot disengage me: But I have trespassed against manners, pray take the Chair.

*A.* Sir will you please to sit first, for it is an honour for me to wait your pleasure?

*A.* Sir, I am provided: But if it may not appear too much boldness, What was the Adamant that drew you, or occasion that made you so kind to visit my lodging?

*A.* Sir, I shall tell you I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility, but onely to keep our love and amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by a visit, and some conference.

*A.* Sir, you have chosen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends, besides

sides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

*A.* Sir, I will chuse some other time to wait upon you.

*A.* Sir, I will attend upon you if I might know the place and hour where to meete you.

*A.* Sir, I will not put you to that trouble; it will become me rather to wait on you.

*A.* Pardon me sir, I am much obliged to you.

*A.* Sir, I am your servant.

*A.* Sir, I am the servant of your servants, pray remember my respects to all my friends.

*A.* Sir, I will be yours in that, and all other services.

*To woo a fair young Gentlewoman.*

*Aym.* PArdon me fair Creature, if I presume to speake what I have hitherto with much affection concealed from your knowledge.

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgement clearly discerned your vertues, the Ornaments of your mind, these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spight of his own reason, or diswasion of friends, he is violently compelled to speak truth.

*Penel.* Sir, call you this an affliction? 'tis a happiness to speak and hear truth.

A.

*A.* Do you hold that opinion? then I will convince you by your own expressions; for if it be a happiness to hear truth, then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I do truly tell you that I have placed my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly say, I do love you.

*P.* Sir, I am sorry that you have made me the object of your love: I know your birth and person may deserve one of greater account, and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining but your bosom had been free from any flame. Let your wisdom then suppress it, lest your love become fruitless in the event.

*A.* I will not be discouraged by your first answer: for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant; neither can it appear to you so strange a matter that I should be taken with your beautie which others admire, though it be my fortune onely to be bolder then the rest, and I hope not unwelcom.

*P.* Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertain hope, nor build any assurance where you have but a sandie foundation: Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of natural desire, but I find in my self no inclination to entertain your affection, therefore you must pardon me if I denie your suit, which is not in my power to grant.

*A.* Nothing is impossible to love: for if you would believe that I bear a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soon overcome

come this difficultie, and incline your mind to reward my affection with your favor.

*P.* Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking under a faire and colourable pretence to betray me: I cannot force my self to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love-matters, therefore excuse me till time and consideration shall enforce me to answer your desire.

*A.* I am comforted that you have not utterly denied my suit, I hope at my next visit to receive more encouragement; till then I take my leave, and presume onely to breathe my heart upon your hand, or if you please, your lip, desiring you to remember me in my absence.

*When one meeteth a Friend in the Street.*

*Alex.* GOD save you sir, you are most happily met. How fare you.

*Clar.* Sir, I am the better to see you well and lustie: Why will you not do me the honour to visit me at my Chamber?

*A.* Sir, I must confess I have often broke promise therein, but my busines would not permit me, otherwise I had long since waited on you.

*C.* I should rather account my self obliged to wait on you; for I am bound unto you for many favours, especiallie for the last courtesie you did me, in matter which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindnes to present my respect to a Gentlewoman?

A Sir,

*A.* Sir, if she be honest, I am ready to go on your errand: I hope you will not put me upon a disgraceful piece of service.

*C.* I hope you have no such bad suspition of me; for she is both fair, and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit; but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.

*A.* Sir, it is you whom *Mercury*, the god of wit, hath adorn'd with a gentle amorous speech; but I will speak in your behalf in as good moving effectual terms as I can remember.

*C.* Sir, you shall do me a most perfect favor: Tell her I am her ready & willing servant, & that the powers of Love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope she shal give it me back, and till then, keep it warm in her own bosom: But what need I instruct you, who are all Love and Courtship?

*A.* Sir, I wil perform your command, though not in such words as you would desire, yet so as my sudden Genius shall prompt me; but I have heard it said,

*That in the way of Love and Glory,*
*Lovers best tell their own story.*

*C.* Sir, Pardon me; I know whom I do entrust with this businesse; I am assured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerful manner, especially to Gentlewomen.

*A.* Sir,

*A.* Sir, It must be my love to you that will inspire me; for I promise you, I will strive to speak my best.

*C.* Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Mistris, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of service, and rest, yours obliged.

*A.* Sir, it is but my duty, and I am happy to be employed in any service that concerns you. Suppose this done.

## *To Court a Gentlewomen in the way of Marriage.*

*Eugenius.* MIstris, I doubt not but that you wil judg me as rash as bold: but I beseech you by your Divine Beauty, which glistereth in your fair eyes, to excuse my audacitie, and to pardon my temeritie, which have emboldned me to come and present unto you my most humble, and most affectionate service.

*Celia.* Sir, I am sorry that I have not the honour to know you; and I marvel that you will offer service to me that of all am most unworthy.

*E.* Mistris, it is the sweetness of your natural goodness that causeth you to speak so humbly of your self.

*C.* Pardon me sir, I speak nothing but what I know to be most clear truth.

*E.* Lady, the singular modesty which I have heard you express in your language, gives me a hope

hope that you will entertain my intentions, not as harsh and disconsonant, but agreeable and consonant, and that in time I shall obtain your grace and favour.

*C.* Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with such expressions you honor your self.

*E.* Mistris, you are pleased thus to oblige me to a greater estimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate toward you: I therefore beseech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwise than chaste and virtuous, and that I never had any other end than honesty. Did you think me to have framed some design prejudicial to your honor? I had rather lose my being, than entertain any such thought, so firm is my resolution, for ever to continue your faithful and most obedient servant, as the effects shall make evident, whensoever your Commands shall call upon me.

*C.* I humbly thank you sir, with my best affection, as also for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

*E.* Lady, it is I that am so deeply engaged to you, that I am disenabled to quit my self of the obligation: and therefore (most fair Mistris) I beseech and conjure you to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me acceptable to serve you, and in the mean time after a million of recommendations, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart

heart with you, as an hostage and pledge of fidelitie and constancie.

*C.* Farewel sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.

*E.* I hope to see you again, and very speedily, where for the present I must leave.

*C.* Sir, so far as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawful, you shall alwaies find the doors open: and also to Gentlemen like your self, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my abilitie, and in that regard you shall no oftner come, than welcome.

*E.* Lady, I do assure you, that I now go to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my self into an abyss of melancholick darkness: For I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you I enjoy not the light: And therefore all the time of this sad absence will be so tedious to me, that moments will be hours the hours dayes, and the dayes will be ages, unlesse it be so, that the experience of being in your favour, be my sole consolation, which wil arm me with a resolute patience.

*C.* You speak strong lines, sir; but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend: Farewel sir, till our next meeting.

*E.* Mistris, You do wrong to your beauty, and to my love, which is faithful and loyal; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; & seeing necessity constrains me to retire from you, I wil never retreat from that affection which your fair eies have darted in

in my soul: And so Lady adieu till my next review, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

*Upon her absence.*

*Eugenius.* I protest to you my fairest, that I could never have believed that the torment of true affection could have been so miserable: for I dare swear to thee by those fair eyes, the stars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatiency and sorrows till I saw you.

*C.* It is impossible Sir, surely I can hardly believe it.

*E.* Mistris, I beseech you to believe it, if you please; for I assure you that I could no longer endure, nor support the violent and troublesome tediousness, which I endured in the time of your long absence, the object of my good, and so'e content, being removed.

*C.* Sir, it may very well be, for you seem very passionate in your expressions.

*E.* I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that onely that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare form, and most excellent beauty.

*C.* It pleaseth you to term it so; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the least glimps of beauty in her self.

*E.* Wherein, my dearest, should you conceive so of me? I do assure you with the better part of my

my soul, that I should be miserable, did I not really speak what my affections suggest as truth: Know, Lady, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and deserves not to live, but for you, and to do you service. But that which troubleth me most, is, that of necessity I must absent my self from you upon a very urgent occasion; but I beseech you to believe and conceive so of me, that whithersoever I go, I shall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live but by the Idea of your beauty, with perfect resolution of obeying you; and therefore (my sweetest) adieu for a while, and for the present have me excused that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your most desired company, but must take my leave abruptly.

*C.* I infinitely thank you, and bid you also farewel, wishing you also a safe return.

*An Enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a Friend, taking a long journey.*

SIR, I am very sorry that my affairs do compel me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received so many benefits, which have bound me in many ties ever to serve you; neither have I any way left to satisfie my self in requiting your former kindnesses, but to acknowledge them far above my requital, and to desire you that you would both receive the tender of my humble service, and command me in something, whereby I might express how much I honor your desert.

Sir, I cannot chuse but grieve that you must now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet since he loves himself better than his friend, that will not yeild to any thing for his good, I am content in that respect to lose your company a while, wishing you a prosperous journy, and that in your absence you would remember me, who will alwaies in my daihe prayers solicite Heaven for your safe return, desiring to be excused for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my desert; for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains no thing now, but that you honor me with your commands.

Sir, I entreat you make not so great haste to be gone.

Sir, I could willinglie defer my journey to enjoy your companie, but the wind stands fair for *France*, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since wee must dispence with your departure, do us the courtesie to revive our drooping minds with the good tydings of your safe arrival in *France*.

Sir, Be assured I cannot be unmindful of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I intreat you to commend me, since I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, I am glad you will do me that favour, to give me any employment in your absence, I will perform your desires.

Sir,

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my ship, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeserved.

*Sir*, I am happy to serve you in any thing: God send you a prosperous Voyage.

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arrive in safety; trouble your self no farther, since I cannot remain with you, to requite your kindness.

Sir, since you will needs have it so, I will bid you farewel, with all the affection of a constant mind.

## To invite one to DINNER.

*Alex.* PRay let me prevail so far with you, to entreat your company to dinner.

*Clor.* Sir, I humbly thank you for your courtesie; but my business will not permit me, therefore I desire to be excused.

*Alex.* Nay good sir, let me not be denied: I must confess indeed, our Cheer will not be worthy of your stay, but you shall be heartilie welcome.

*C.* Sir, I should willingly obey your desire, but I fear to be too bold.

*A.* Sir, you shal be most welcome, you shall command in my house as in your own.

*C.* Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yeild to wait on you, for you have overcome me in ceremony, but you will draw upon your self many inconveniencies.

A. Sir, You will find but course fare; but such as it is, praie esteem your self most heartily welcome to, in a real manner, without complements.

C. *Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your self to excuse your Cheer, wherof there is so great abundance, that unless you would have provided all the variety that was in Noah's Arke, I know not how it could be exceeded.*

A. It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing; but praie excuse me, once more I desire it; if I had been certain of your honoring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.

C. *Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldness in putting you to so much trouble: You may perceive that I think my self welcome by my liberal feeding: I am no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are took away with the conceits of the night following.*

A. I beseech you spare not: I am glad to see you so pleasant, and to encrease your mirth: I will drink to you a health in Wine, in hope you will pledge me.

C. *Sir, they say there is truth in Wine, and if there be truth in Wine, I will find it out, let the health be never so deep.*

A. I thank you for doing me this piece of justice: I praie see if you can make up a dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.

C. *Sir, to decline Ceremony, you have most wor-*

*daily feasted me, and honoured me so much; that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courtesie.*

## CEREMONIES *at sitting down at a* TABLE.

*A.* Gentlemen, praie ye take your places, I know not how to direct you: But first let us wash.

*Gen.* Gent. Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.

*A.* In this matter Ceremonies are needless, but you will do nothing without an example, and therefore I will begin.

*Gen.* Then in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.

*A.* I beseech you Gentlemen, to save me a labor, and take your places.

*Gen.* Sir, we expect your sitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priorities of place.

*A.* Come Master *Genning*, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

*Gen.* By no means, that is not my place; here's a Gentleman that deserves to be seated there.

*A.* Sir, I have designed you this place; praie let me rule you so far.

*Gen.* Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.

*A.* Sir, you are too full of excuse, you may yeild to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

*G.* Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault if I transgress the bonds of manners in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.

*A.* We might have spared this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindlie welcome.

*G.* Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in helping us; we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespass on you.

## The FEASTER's *Excuse to his* FRIEND *after* DINNER.

ALEX. *Sir, I desire you to excuse your meane fare, and slender entertainment, wherunto I have presumed much to invite you: But I hope your ancient acquaintance, and your good nature will procure me pardon, in that I have done this to enjoy your company and society; for your good welcome is to me a Feast, far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.*

Friend, *Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise that I will imbrace an opportunity to express my gratitude.*

*A. To*

Alex. *You have honoured me enough in your acceptance of my good will. But is it not wholsome to stir suddenly after dinner; let's discourse: You are conversant abroad, What news do you hear?*

Fr. *Pardon me sir, the world runs round about me, whilst I stand unmoved, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in novelties; it may be you hear more.*

A. *Indeed sir I have so many affairs that I can enquire after none: I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.*

Fr. *Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it a fruitlesse employment: But to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh News that were not yet in print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.*

A. *I will not importune any further, but desire your pardon that I should impose on you the office of an intelligencer: Excuse my intent therein, since what I desired was to pass away the time while we sit, but now, if you please, we will rise.*

Fr. *Sir, then I most really thank you, you have made me bold with you: I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.*

*To offer service to a young* MAID.

A. *TM. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.*

*Maid*, It is more than I desire or deserve, and it would appear boldness in me to accept of a strangers companie: For it is not for me

*A.* Sir, you are too full of excuse, you may yeild to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

*G.* Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault if I transgress the bonds of manners in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.

*A.* We might have spared this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

*G.* Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in helping us; we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespass on you.

## The FEASTER's *Excuse to his* FRIEND *after* DINNER.

ALEX. *Sir, I desire you to excuse your mean fare, and slender entertainment, wherewith I have presumed much to invite you: But I hope your ancient acquaintance, and your good nature, will procure me pardon, in that I have done thus to enjoy your company and society; for your good presence is to me a Feast, far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.*

Friend, *Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise that I will search an opportunity to express my gratitude.*

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*To offer service to a young* MAID.

A*YM. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.*

*Maid*, It is more than I desire or deserve, and it would appear boldness in me to accept of a strangers companie: For it is not for me

to entertain all their and offers of kindnesse, I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far distant from my own home.

Gym. I praie let me hear your companie, and by the waie make me happie in some discourse: Resolve me one question, Were you ever in love?

Maid, Though it be no manners to answer one question with demanding another, yet will I presume to ask you, if you were never in love?

Gym. Fair one, from thence springs my unhappinesse, I am too forward in these desires: I have beheld manie Beauties, but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection, and I must acknowledge, that in loveing you, I have met death or life.

M. Praie speak in plain terms, I am ignorant of your meaning.

G. I desire you then, know and believe, that I am already far in love with you: and I hope you will not scorn my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour: And by the way, let me entreat you to think that heaven hath appointed our strange accidental meeting, and gave me boldnes to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

M. Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer that may procure your content; but I desire you to importune me no farther, but grant me time to consider your motion & this

this is my Father's House, whether if you please to come hereafter, I will strive to resolve you, how loever you shall be welcome.

A. But before I lose your presence, which is my chiefest happiness, let me tell you, that when you go, you bear my heart away with you, and I shall onely languish in sorrow till I visit you again.

M. Pray Sir, do not hold me any longer in discourse; there are many jealous eies that do watch an occasion to expose me to censures, for maintaining with you such an unusual familiarity; let me entreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.

A. I must obey you, honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, and return again to waite on you, who are the Substance of my life.

*To enter with a* WIDOW *in an Amorous Wooing manner.*

A. M. I would entreat you, fair Widow, not to discourage me in my first suit, since your modestie and virtuous carriage in your Husband's life-time, hath made me bold to plead for Affection, and to cherish a certain hope, that I should obtain your good liking.

*Wid.* Sir, I would not have you imagine that my love to my former Husband was written in a Table-book, the Letters whereof may be

soon wiped out again: no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain to inform me that I ought not to wrong him with a second marriage.

*Tym.* Nay, Widow, I must acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off with the remembrance of your said Husband; but will you always punish your self, and fast from the joys of Marriage?

*W.* It is my full resolved purpose, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me give you hope of obtaining my love; alas! since his departure, I am dead unto the world, and do but onely live to sigh, when I remember that I had so good a Husband.

*T.* His goodness is gone with him; but for my part I will be your loving, active servant: Come, come, put off grief and false imaginations of honouring the dead; for if his soul were capable of any knowledge concerning earthly matters, he would rejoice to see you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, so he would desire that you might be supplied in the same kind after his death.

*W.* You speak unhappily: But pray be satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

*T.* For other matters, I am satisfied; but your Love is the Mark whereat I aim: Why would you thus strive to become a Virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleasures, which

which are yet fresh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your self so dul of apprehension; I am come to offer service in the right kind, and therefore you are very much too blame, to refuse the tender of my respects.

*W.* You speak mysteries: But I desire if you love me; shew it in ceasing to prosecute your suit; for I must tell you plainlie, it will prove fruitless, and of none effect.

*A.* I cannot believe but that I shall be more fortunatelie happie to obtaine your favour; words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.

*W.* Perswade your self to it, but I shal never give you cause to think so; yet I will ever respect you, and be readie to do you anie lawful courtesie.

*A.* Wel, I thank you that I have so far thrived in my suit, I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.

*W.* Your hope is built upon a false foundation, and had I known your intent, I would not have held discourse so long with you: I must leave your companie.

*A.* Let me rather take my leave, and seal a kiss upon your lips, until I visit you again, for no mortal Widow shall discourage me, but I will come again with more resolute affections.

## To excuse some OFFENCE done as a GENTLEWOMAN.

*Asm.* I Must acknowledge *I* was somewhat too bold to enforce a kiss from you, in the presence of other friends, but *I* pray you excuse my passion, and let your mercie be shewed in pardoning, as my follie was in offending.

*Pan.* Sir, it was so great a trespass, and so directly aimed against my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can satisfie for a fault of that nature.

*Asm.* *I* cannot exceed the limits of forgiveness; or if your wrath must not be otherwise satisfied, enjoin me some penance, as great as your anger, whereby *I* may recover your lost favour, and make it appear, how sorry *I* am for committing so rash an offence.

*P.* Nay, you may enjoie that kiss violently took from me before so manie witnesses, but never anie more.

*A.* I must confess it was my rashness, but if you will that *I* repay it back again, *I* will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you never to offend your patience in the like kind.

*P.* Well, since you are so willing to repent, and to shew unfeigned sorrow, *I* must needs accept them for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more careful of my credit, and never again to make so bold an offer.

*A.* You

*A.* You have charmed me to obedience, since your words are a Law which I dare not transgress; for I am in all things your obsequious servant.

*The Lovers Farwell.*

*Lysaura.* ALas Sir! is this the hour that the severe rigor of your absence must eclipse my daies of their bright beams? O how this sad news doth fire my spirits! and not without reason, since you (to whom I had wholly consecrated my self) will not vouchsafe a merciful eie on my sufferings for your absence.

*Florestan.* Mistris, fear not, but rest assured, that so long as life will give leave to enjoy the sunt brightness, never shall any other have power over me; do me onely this favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelitie, you will be pleased to render me some real promises of yours. Besides, I protest to you, Ladie, I will never acknowledge other light then yours, no more than the earth doth any other than the sun and moon.

*L.* Sir, they are no false promises that I have made you, but true Assurances, drawn from my heart by the force of my passion. And know, that all things here beneath, shall sooner change their natural inclinations, than in me shall be seen any alteration from the resolution I have made to love you; Heaven it self be my witness.

*F.* If, Mistris, you love me thus, let your mind be confident of an equal truth from me; and should you doubt of my affections, I will give you my soul for a pledge, and my heart for a sacrifice, to shew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleased therefore to accept of this small gift, not as a thing worthie of merit, but onelie as a sufficient testimonie of my good will, fidelitie, and faithful love towards you, it being a thing so small and unworthie of you, it will therefore be more commendable in you to accept of it.

*L.* Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall, do beseech you also to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is of a smaller value; be but pleased to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth shall not live, but through your sole remembrance.

*F.* Thanks to you, sweetest, the gift truelie is pleasing to me, but the giver much more.

*L.* But Sir, is there no means to staie you for a little time, that I might enjoy your presence, which stands me instead of light and life; therefore your absence will invelope me with darkness, and bring upon mee, (poor soul that I am) a thousand grievous deaths.

*F.* Mistris, I hope not so; for I am constrained through necessitie of my businesse, to depart hence.

*L.* O!

*L.* O I see now too well, that that Constancie of yours which I trusted to for remedie of my troubled thoughts, is vanished, to give present vent to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighs and tears, for true and burning testimonies of the sorrows I have to see my self about to be forsaken by him by whom onelie I breath.

*F.* Mistris, I swear unto you, my heart is alike touched with such strokes for this our parting, that I can hardlie breath for grief of it, and do alreadie see I have lost my self, in the losse of the sight of your star-like Beautie. For I am sure, that once absent from your luminous aspect, each pleasure will be to me a subject of grief and sorrow. However, since it will not be otherwise, I shall so part with you, as that my life shall ever be at your service; and so farewell, dear Mistris, live still happie and content, whilst I languish unfortunate, though most constant; let not then my remotenes alter your mind, more than it shall shake the resolution I have long since made, to live and die yours; as for my own part, I shall not think my self absent from you, so long as I am lodged in your heart and memorie.

*L.* Farewell Sir, you possess my soul, and I do even leave it in your power, conserve it for a more happie season than this of parting; And in the mean space, have pitie of all the bloodie griefs, which the most apprehension of your absence, makes me alreadie feel so vehe

vehementlie, for I think it verie strange to leave you, whose companie is dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this discourse, I do beseech you sir, and let me conjure you by the sweetnesse of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in respect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappie time of your absence; for in reading of your Letters, I shall perswade my self that I am not wholie deprived of you, or left to your memorie.

F. I vow to you Mistris, I will give to you so many Letters for confirmation of my loyaltie, and the love I bear you, that you shall have no cause to mistrust. And as the Divine Creator, hath made you the faireft and most accomplished, that he also make you the most pitiful to retain me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continuallie to witness how violentlie my affections are towards you.

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithful to me, as I am to you, and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not to intreat you to pity my Martyrdome; and that whereſoever you are, to be mindful of me. And so once more I entreat the Deity to grant you such prosperitie that your Fortunes may parallel your perfection.

F. Reſt

*F.* Rest assured (sweet Mistris) to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit, to which height it is impossible my affections should raise it self.

## *COMPLEMENTALL*

# POEMS.

### *On the beauty of his Mistris.*

BRighter than Inside Barks of new-hewen Ceder,
Sweeter than flames of fire perfum'd with myrrh,
And comlier than the Silver clouds that dance
On *Zephyrus* wings, before the queen oth' Spring.
'Tis she doth teach those torches to burn bright:
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich Jewel in the Æthiop's ear,
Beautie too rich for use, for love more dear;
So doth a snowie Dove, trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistris o're her fellow flows:
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r t'have
The chast *Hyppolitus* for to have loved. (moved
In summe, her parts are white as Milk,
As smooth as Ivory, as soft as silk.
O! who can her perfections tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell?

On-

*On her hair.*

Her hairs reflex with red streaks paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eies;
Whilst that those golden threds plaie with her breath,
Shewing life's triumph in the Map of death.

*On her locks.*

Her locks being platted like a piece of wool,
Are full of sweet, as sweet of sweets is full.

*On her forehead.*

Her statelie front was figured from above,
Majestick, fair, well polish't, high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

*On her face.*

Her face like *Cynthia's*, when in the full she shi-(neth
And bustring to her Love-Mates power decli-
Such brightness hath her Angels face, (neth.
Can make a sun-shine in a shadie place.

*On the colour of her face.*

Such colour hath her face, as when the sun
(In summer) his first rising hath begun.

*On her eye-brows and cheeks.*

Each eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either Cheek a Rose and Lillie lies.

*Another on her eye-brows and breath.*

Her bright brows drive the Sun to clouds be-(neath,
Sweet morn & evening dews fal from her breath.

*On her eye-lids.*

Her arches be two heavenlie lids,
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

*On her eyes.*

Her eies the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious light.

*Ano-*

*Another on the same.*

Two jetty sparks, where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtil shafts, that from his quivers glides,
Piercing the hearts of others; yet they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

*On her smiles.*

Her smiles so sweet and nice,
On earth do make a heavenly Paradice.

*On her cheeks.*

Her cheeks with ripened Lillies steep'd in wine,
Or gorgious Clouds upon the Suns decline.

*Another on the same.*

Her cheeks with kindly Claret spred,
*Aurora*-like, new out of bed.

*On her nose and breath.*

Her nose is straight, and of a stately frame:
Her breath a sweet perfume, and holy flame.

*On her chin.*

Her Cristal Chin like to the purest white,
Is lovers pavillion, and the boys delight.

*On her vein.*

On these Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will read a Lover's maze.

*On her lips.*

Her lips like Roses over-wash'd with dew,
Do by their breath their Beauties still renew.

*On her lips and neck.*

Her lips more red than Coral-stone,
Her neck's more white than aged Swans that moan.
O! who those ruddie lips can miss,
Which blessed still, themselves do kiss.

*On her mouth.*

Sweet mouth that sendst a Musick-rosied breath
Whose

Whose very word darts me a living death.

*On her mouth and teeth.*

Within the compass of this hollow sweet,
Those orient ranks of silver Pearls do meet.

*On her breath.*

She breaths forth flowers, she makes the spring,
Perfumes the air, and comforts every thing.

*On her tongue and words.*

Her words do fall like summer-dews on me,
Her tongue strikes Musick's sweetest harmonie.

*On her teeth.*

Her lips ne're part, but they show,
Of precious Pearl, a double row.

*On her speech.*

In all her words such virtues couched be,
The learned them to fetch their Philosophie.

*On her voice.*

A voice which doth the Thrush's shrillness stain,
And makes declining Nature young again.

*On her neck.*

Her neck's an Ivorie shining Tower,
Or like delight, that doth it self devour.

*On her shoulders.*

These parching squares, with silver skin,
Do pale the hate-spot Bermalin.

*On her arms.*

Her twin-like arms, that stainless pair,
Fit for a King's embraces are.

*On her hands.*

Her azured veins do use to play,
With prettie Cupid every way.
Moist pearl, warm snow, pure ivorie
Within these strange compacts do lie.

On

*On her fingers.*

Long, small, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the savage tygers mute.

*On her actions.*

Her deeds are like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the branches of the fruitful Vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of costlie Wine.

*On her breasts.*

Her Breasts, those ivorie Globes, circled with blew
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

*On her paps.*

Her Paps like two fair apples in their prime,
From those blest sweets, love sucks his summer-time.

*On her good thoughts.*

Her mindful breast perfumes with Frankinsence
And sweetest odors every fainting sence.

*On her waste and ribs.*

Fitly so named, since it doth waste,
Mens lives until it be embrac't:
Her ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious symmetrie.

*On her skin and flesh.*

Her lovely skin is white, like Curds new prest,
And snowie flesh, as soft as wool new drest.

*On her navel.*

Her love delights the wandering thought,
Whilst that my eies astray are brought:
Since nature here would fain unite
In curious circles busie sight.

*On her Belly.*

Most beautious seal of Virgins wax,
Pity 'tis the impression lacks.

This

This place with joy my sence doth fill,
Since 'tis intitled Cupid's Hill:
From whence a seemly passage there doth flow
To stranger pleasures that are plac'd below.

*On her womb.*

O blest is he may search that secret treasure,
Her Maiden-Womb the dwelling house of plea- sure,

*On her thighs.*

These are the subjects that do sit
The Genius of an *Ovid's* wit,
Whose branches smooth, as in a Glass,
Our Albion Cliffs in whiteness pass.

*On her knees.*

These knots of joy, and Gems of love,
With motion makes all graces move.

*On the calves of her legs.*

Mark well how fare the flesh doth rise,
In her brave Calves, like crystal skies.

*On the small of her legs.*

View but her *Atlas* smallest small,
More white than whitest bone of all.

*On her feet.*

Slender and short, little they are, and round,
A finer pair can no where well be found.

*A cast of his Mistris perfections.*

She hath *Venus* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chastity:
In those parts I have reveal'd,
*Venus* beauty is expres'd:
Yet there are some parts conceal'd
Which my fancy judgeth best.

*The Conclusion.*

Thus every part impairs a grace,

And

And beautie dwels in everie place.

*Love's Month.*

*May* is not Lov's Month, *May* is ful of flowers,
But dropping *April*, Love is full of showers.

*A definition of Love.*

Love is a Friend, a Fire, a Heaven, a Hell,
Where pleasure, pain, & sad repentance dwell.

*Love will out.*

The light of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betraies poor 'overs.

*On the parting of lovers.*

Lovers wel wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart.
And lovers say the heart hath double wrong
When it is bare'd the assistance of the tongue.

*On the constancy of affection.*

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs and weeps & all within one breath.

*Lovers Lottery.*

The World's a Lottery; a Lovers prise
Is such a Girl that's fair, that's chast and wise.

*The quality of Love.*

Love is a spirit all compact with fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

*What Love is.*

Love is a Golden Bubble full of creams,
That waking breaks, and fils us with extreams.

*Lovers delights to be alone.*

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their Loves, if needs they must have one

*Vows of Lovers.*

We know not how to love til love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly can never bind us.

Or

*On the purity of their affection.*

Needs must *Venus* Ware be sweet,
When two Maiden-Lovers meet.

*Impossibility of concealing Love.*

The light of hidden fire it self discovers,
And Love that is conceal'd, betraies poor lovers

*On one sick with Love.*

Where *Venus* strikes with beautie to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are love-sick.

*The Errors of Love.*

All men do err, because that men they be,
And men with Beautie blinded, cannot see.

*What Love is.*

Love is a subtile influence,
Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspence.

*Love admits of no contrary arguments.*

Love hates all arguments, disputing still
For sence against Reason with a senseless will.

*What love is.*

Love is a blinded God, an angry Boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witless toy,
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust;
A private hel, a very sea of lust.

*Another definition of love.*

Love is a sower delight, a sugred grief,
A breach of Reason's Law, a secret thief:
A living death, an ever dying life,
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

*On sudden Affection.*

From hatie love see thou abstain,
'Tis lust, not love, thou seeks thus to obtain.

The

*The effects of Love.*

This is the least effect of *Cupid's* dart,
To change the mind by wounding of the heart.

*Cruelty of Love.*

Love is not full of mercie, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

*The parting of Lovers.* (Books:

Love goes to love, as School-boys from their
But love from love toward School with heavie (looks.

*A Maxime of Love.*

'Tis follie by our wisest Worldlings proved,
If not to gain by Love, to be beloved.

*Love's Wounds.*

One was the bow, one was the dart
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then since we both do feel one pain,
Let one Love cure us both again.

*The Constancy of Lovers.*

Once learn to love, the lesson is most plain,
And being learnt, is never lost again.

*The force of Love.*

Were Beauty under twentie Locks kept fast,
Yet Love breaks through & picks them all at last

*Of Musick and Love.*

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No Musick's kinde without love.

*A loving conjunction.*

The date unto my hope doth now shine faire:
I and my Love, in Love united are.

*Love finds an opportunity.*

When Love hath knit two hearts in unity,
They seldom fail to find an opportunitie.

Offers

*Offers of love not to be refused.*

Occasion's winged, and ever flieth fast,
Coming the smiles, and frowns being once past.

*Patients of Lovers.*

One may endure, for when the pain is past,
Reward, though long it stay, yet comes at last.

*Sorrows of Lovers.*

Sighs are the ease calamitie affords, (words.
Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth

*To his Mistris on her expelled humiliation from him for a rude kisse.*

If that I must such penance do,
I'le bow unto no saint but you.

*On the tears of lovers.*

In sighs the Lover speaks his secret paine, (ble,
Tears are his oratorie, words do make him trem-
Yet womens tears fall when they most dissem-

*On frozen affection.* (ble.

There where the heart's Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks (as desparate) off his suit.

*Of true and false love.*

True love's a saint, so shal you true love know:
False love's a *Scythian*, yet a saint in show.

*Love breaks all silence.*

What fish so dumb, what beast so dul of heart,
That hears Love sing, and will not bear a part.

*No passion like that of love.*

The fair, the fairest love can
Admit all but the busie man.
He that hath business, and makes love, does do
Such wrong, as if a married man should woo.

*The perseverance of a lover.*

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauty prize,

Who

Who can fear sinking where such treasure lyes.

*The beginning of love.*

Fair beauty is the spark of hot desire.
And sparks in time will kindle to a fire.

*On a Lovers adversity.*

As the Stars in darkest night,
So love by suffering shines more bright,
For like unto a hidden flame,
It wil at last break forth again.

*On Lust.*

Lust maks Oblivion, beateth reason back,
Forgetteth shames pure blush, & honours wrack.

*On Virginity.*

The ripest Corn dies if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is lost, too early kept.

*A cruel Mistris.*

Nothing so ill becomes the fair,
As cruelty, which yeilds unto no prayer.

*On Coyness.*

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a smile engendreth love.
Fair words and power, attractive beauty,
Brings men too wanton in subjective duty.

*Another.*

Hope and despair attend a lover still,
Hope for to save, despair to kill.

*On jealousie.*

Where jealousie in basest minds to dwel,
'Tis metal *Vulcans* Cyclops sent from hel.

*On pleasures.*

Somthing must still be left to cheer our sin
And give a touch of what should not have bin
To those that know but pleasures price,

All's one, a Prison or a Paradice.

*On chastity.*

The unstain'd vail which innocents adorn,
The ungathered rose defended with the thorn.

*Another on the same.*

*Penelope* in spending chast her dayes,
As worthy as *Vlysses* was of praise.

*A chast Vow.*

To thee as constant as the Sun to day,
I'll from this light night hurries me away.

*Protestations of service.*

I have vowed both love and duty,
To your vertue and your beauty.

*On the Court.*

Thither 'et *Phœbus* sons resort, (Court?
Where shines their Father but in loves great

*On her delaying marriage.*

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to en-
Delay breeds doubts, no cuning to be coy. (joy?

*On his desires.*

What can be said, that lovers cannot say?
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

*On hand and heart.*

Heaven seals that faith which firm'y stands,
And joyns our hands with hearts, & hearts with

*On Misfortune.* [hands.

The man that till amidst misfortunes stands,
Is sorrows slave, and bound in lasting bands.

*On fate.*

They fall which trust to Fortunes fickle wheel,
But staid by vertue men shall never reel.

*On disdain.*

In high disdain love is a base desire,
And *Cupids Flames* is but a watery fire.

A

# KNOT

Of most Excellent

# LETTERS.

*Wherein is laid open*

All the Perfections, or Art of Complementing, or inditing any Epistle or Letter.

## A Letter of a loving Father to his Sonne before his death.

*MY Sonne, thou art now coming into the world that I am going out of, and yet before my departure I thought good to write a few lines unto thee, what are (I hope) needful for thee to have a care of whilest thou livest in it; I know thou wilt not breake thy bread all in a house, feed always of one dish, nor live always in one place; and therefore, let me give thee a little kind admonition in this short Letter for thy carriage in all courses; the Court is a place of more charge then ease, the City-Gawds of more pleasure then profit, yet is there no service to the King, no dwelling*

to the City, nor pleasures to the Country, but all the weight of the worth of them is in the hands of wisdom, who in the knowledge of the use of them, makes the best esteem of them: but lest I am too tedious, and long lessons may overcharge the memory, take this one rule for thy learning, in all, and then shalt find it good in more than a few, whereso're thou goest, note the best, choose the best, and keep the best, be not buried in the earth before thou commest to thy grave, nor build Castles in the Ayre, lest they fall down upon thy head; let not thy eye abuse thy heart, nor thy tongue thy will, and let reason govern thy will in all the passages of thy nature, be neither needy nor ungrateful; uncourteous, or unkind, and examine thy conscience in the care of thy content; ground thy love upon vertue, thy hope upon reason, and thy happiness upon grace, live as a stranger in the world, and make what hast thou canst to Heaven be loyall to thy Prince, naturall to thy Country, faithfull to thy friend, kind to thy neighbour, and honest to the whole world, so shall God blest thee, the best love thee, and the worst not hurt thee. And thus so weak in body, that the Spirit faineth, inforced me to express these few lines of Fatherly love unto thee, with my prayers to the Lord of Heaven for thy preservation in this world and eternal happiness in the world to come, with my love, blessing, and therewith what I am able to leave thee, to the merciful guard of Heaven, I commit thee, and rest,

*Thy loving Father, &c.*

His

*His Answer*

MY loving father, this legacy of your love for my direction of my life, how much I prize it in my hearts thankfullnesse; the eye of your judgement shall behold in my observation, and give me leave to tel you, that in this little time that I have spent idle in this world, I have had some taste of the meat that you have given me, where I find, that the best meat may be spoyl'd in the dressing, whil'st a cunning cook will make a rich service of small cost; and though giddy heads are in love with gaudy toyes, yet the better sort of opinions, esteem a small Diamond before a great Saphire; I care not if I rather adventure far for the honour of vertue, than lessen my Estate by breach of armes; and seeing there are so many counterfeits that the best jewel may be mistaken; I will meddle with no such wares as may call repentance to an after-reckoning: while mine heart looketh toward Heaven, I hope the earth shall not blind my eyes, nor the vain delights of Nature prevail against the vertues of reason, but all is in the power of powers, by whose grace, being guided, I shall be ever so preserved, that howsoever my heart may be wounded, yet I hope I shall never be confounded; in hope whereof, and unto the which beseeching the almighty either in health so prolong your dayes, or in the election of his love, so call you to a better life, more esteeming these precepts of your love unto me all the portion you can leave me, saving your blessing & so I humbly take my leave, and rest,

*Your loving & most obedient Son til death, &c. A*

*A Letter to a friend to borrow money.*

SIR, If borrowing of money be not a breach of friendship, let me intreat your patience to open your purse, I am loath to be too troublesome in making many words, where such affable gentleness out-passeth all merit, a present occasion puts me to the adventure of your kindness, the matter is not much; yet it will at this time pleasure me, as much as so much may do; the sum five pounds, the time three months, my credit the assurance, and hearty thanks the interest; thus without troubling the Scrivener I hope my letter will be of sufficient power to prevail with your love, intreating your present answer; in the affection of an honest heart I commit you to the Almighty.

*Yours, or not his own.*

*His Answer.*

SIR, if your friendship were a follower of fortune, Love would have but a little life in this World; the contents of your Letter hath put me to a strict account of my estate, how I may help you and not hurt my self; I could make many excuses, but that they tast of small comfort, and therefore knowing time to be precious, and to avoid delayes, let this suffice, your request is granted, and the money I have sent you, and not doubting your credit, will take your word for a bond, and for the use, (without abuse) I with

with but requitall upon the like occasion; Sir I am so glad that in this, or any thing in my power, I may make proof of my love: I rest in the same.

*Yours, or not mine own,* &c.

## A LOVE-LETTER to a worthy GENTLEWOMAN.

FAir Mistris, if I had no eyes, I should not like you, and if not wit, I should not love you; for the brightnesse of your beauty is for no blind sight to gaze upon, nor the worthynesse of your vertue, for no weak brains to beat upon; if you say I flatter you, look into your self, and do me no wrong; and if I do you right, chide not affection for a discovery, where truth is honourable; pardon my presumption if it excted your pleasure, and commend his service, who will make an honour of your favours, so intreating your patience for answer to my poor letter, untill I heare from you; and ever yes I rest,

*Your devoted to be commanded,* &c.

## *A Love Letter to a Lady.*

*Madam,*

SVch, and so extream, are the passions of love, that the more they are quenched by disdain, greater flames are increased by desire, and the more they are galled with hate, the more they gape after love; like to the Stone *Taperon* which being once kindled, burneth most vehemently in

the water: So I having my heart scorched with the beams of your beauty, and my mind flamed with your singular vertue, neither can any bitter look abate my loue, nor extream discourtesie diminish my affection; I am not he that will leave the rose because it hath pricked my finger, or refuse the Gold in the fire because it burnt my hand, for the mind of a faithfull lover, is neither to be danted with despight, nor affrighted with danger.

*I rest Yours, &c.*

*Her Answer.*

SIR, if your wit go with your eyes, your braines may be on the out side of your head, and then if you deceive your self I hope you wil not blame me: colours are but shadows and may be full of illusions, and the worthyness of vertue may be a reach above the worlds reason, yet the discovery of affection may be more in words than in matter, especially where discretion sounds the depth of desert, though the honour of truth be worth regard, where there is no fault, there needs no pardon, and therefore without trouble of patience, finding no cause of displeasure, I thus conclude, love hath a priviledge to be at the command of kindnesse, in which I rest to wish you much happinesse.

*Your well-willing friend, &c.*

*Another*

*Another Love Letter.*

FAir Creature, To tel you I love you, were a phrase of too plain a fashion, and yet when truth is indeed the best Eloquence, affection needs no invention to expresse the care of her contents, which being in three Letters, makes a word soon to be read, which being Y. O. V. nothing doubting your spelling, I hope you will so kindly put together, that a conjunction of love shall hale no seperation during life: and thus beseeching you to learn this Lesson by heart, without a cross in concelt, to hinder the course of loves comfort, till I heare from you in that nature that may make me a happy creature I rest,

*Yours wholly and only if you will*, &c.

*Her Answer.*

KInd Sir, to tel you I love you, were to crosse an answer with a comfortable request; and yet when dissimulation is the worst fruit of invention, discretion may be pardoned in concealing of Love; Touching your Letters, they are sooner read than understood; while imaginative hopes may be deceived in their happyness, and yet to avoid all touch of ingratitude, in that nature of kindness that may give honour content, as a simple Scollar in the art of love, loath to have that by heart that may trouble more than my head, when seperations of

conjunctions may indanger the death of comfort, wishing nothing amiss to them that mean all well, I rest,

*Yours, as I may be mine own,* &c.

A LETTER *from a* LADY *to a* GENTLEMAN, *whom she called her* SERVANT, *for the preferring of a* GENTLEWOMAN *unto her.*

SErvant, I have often spoken unto you for that you must needs do me: I am going to the Court, and shall have great use of a Gentlewoman to attend me. I know you have many Kinswomen & acquaintance amongst whom you may find one to fit me, I will take her at your hand, and regard her for your sake; and if her deserts answers my desires, she shall lose no love in my favour, and therefore leaving this trusty charge to the care of your discreet kindness, as you will expect a greater curtesie at my hands, I rest,

*Your loving Mistris,* &c.

*His Answer.*

GOod Madam, you spoke unto me to help you to a Gentlewoman, which with my letter I have here sent you a woman, and Gentile, who I hope, will not be altogether unworthy of your entertainment: for her person, she is not deformed, nor her face of the worst feature; she is neither bleer-eyed, nor tounge-tyed:

And

And for her qualities, I hope she can do more then make a curtsie, and blushe her Parentage is not bare, nor her breeding idle, and for her disposition, I hope it will be nothing displeasing: to praise her in any perfection I dare not; but in all, will leave her to the tryall of your patience. So wishing my dutyfull service in this, or what else may lye in my power, so fortunate as to deserve your favour, and this Gentlewoman so gracious as to gain the continuance of your good opinion, in prayer for your health and hearts most wished happines, I take my leave at this time, but rest all times,

*Your Lady-ships most humble servant.*

*A Letter of zealous love, written from a Gentleman to his Brother.*

BRother, since I last heard from you, I am sorry to hear that I do of you, that you are wound so far into the world, as if that you meant to never out of it: you know I have travelled far, seen much, and I have some understanding, by all the observation of time, in the courses of nature: I find *Solomons* truth in the tryall of the world, that there is a little of it, but is little worth in it, when all being but vanity, there is little vertue to be found in it: Believe me, brother, we are neer in one nature, but differ in another: in the flesh, but not in the spirit; for while I contemplate upon the substance of the soule comfort, thou art puzzelled in the world among the puddles of the earth: yea I fear the

margre

nature of thy affect, to be as far from the rule of religion, as the most senceless creature is from the use or reason.

Brother, know that thou hast wronged many and thy self most, I would thou wert a *Zacheus* to right all; but better betimes than too late: look home to the *main chance*, have a care of thy soul, and thy body will be the better: believe it, there is no rust eateth so fast into any mettal, as the venome of avarice into the heart of a wicked man: Prodigality is the way to penury, but covetousness is the root of all evil, betwixt both there is a mean, that to hit is a kind of happiness, and if thou hast no ears but of *Mydas*, thou canst hear of nothing but *gold*, take a *heart* of *Simeon*, to joy in nothing but *Christ Jesus*: turn a new leaf, serve God, for whom thou wert created, and let not the earth triumph over thee, for whom it was made to tread upon, lift up thine eyes towards *heaven*, where one joy of the elect, is worth all the Kingdoms of the World: Leave the world ere it leave thee, and love him ever that will never leave thee: Let thy life be a Pilgrimage, and the earth but a passage, and the Heaven onely the home of thy souls eternall happiness: Once a day read these few lines for my sake, which if they do that good to thee, which I heartily pray for in thee, till when, and ever my hearts love.

*Your most loving Brother*, &c.

*His Answer.*

MY good Brother, I thank you for your carefull and kind Letter, yet let me tell you, that zeale without discretion, proves not the best part of Religion: Reports may be idle, and then belief may be erroneous, when mistakings may breed abuse of good uses: I know that riches are witches, to them that make heaven of this world, but he that hath a leaded wit, will never worship a Golden Calf; but since I know that *Abraham* and *Lazarus* were alike in election, give me leave while I am in this world, by Christ, rather then avarice, rather to be a husbandman, then to be a labourer for hire: If I have wronged any, it is unwittingly; whom if I know I will satisfie most willingly; and for the wound of conscience, I will hope, to be so far from hypocrisie, that I shall be free from that fear: and therefore, though travel hath taught you much experience in the world, and having sufficient maintenance to pass through the world, you make the less account of the world; yet when careful thrift breedeth no covetous threadome, be not jealous of my love, with all the pleasures of the world, to make comparison with the least of heavens comfort. I know the highest mountain is but earth, and the lowest valley is no other, and therefore when I carry my foot-stool on my head, let me walk like a fool, or monster. In brief, I know

the

the world, and how to use it, and keep account with my care how I may most contentedly leave it, but for my love to him that made it, let me live no longer in it then I love and honour him above it, and so increasing you to blow off ill breaths that may abuse my disposition, and to be perswaded so far of my soules health, that my joy is even and onely, in Christ Jesus, to his preservation, leaving the happy issue of your hopes in the nature of the best love till I see you, and alwayes I rest,

*Your most loving Brother, &c.*

*A Letter of Love to an honourable Lady.*

HOnourable Madam, if love were not a poore reason, it would not be so high in regard, who dwelling onely in the spirits of the best understanding, feeds the heart onely with the fruits of an infallible resolution: What it is in its own nature, hath been diversly described, but I think, never known, but unto them that inwardly know it; some hold it a Riddle that none can interpret but he that made it: But if it be as I have read of it, *a child, and beauty begotten*; I hope nature will be her self, and not unkind to her own breed, how to prove truth, the honour in your eyes, that have wrought my heart to your service, shall make known to your favour in the happinesse of your employment. So craving pardon for my presumption, in my devoted duty, to the

the honour of your command, I humbly take my leave.

*Your Lady-ship in all humblenesse &c.*

*Her Answer.*

WOrthy knight, if love be above reason, it must be either divine or devillish, and so regarded accordingly: what it is, I think it is best known by the effects of it; howsoever idle brains have beaten about the description of it: Riddles are but jests of wit, and miracles are ceased from being seen in our age. But if it be a child, though of a strange Parentage, surely nature will not suffer the Mother to be cruel to her own breed; but if it fall out to be an ungracious father, what then will be thought of the children? Yet, lest in misconstruing a conceit, I may mistake a content, since in the secret of nature may be a sence of strange understanding, I will suspend my judgement, till I have made proof of my opinion: when eyes and hearts meet together in discourse, I hope the businesse will be soon ended, that is referred to indifferent judgements. So til occasion be offered of the performance of imployment, hoping that vertue and honour will soon agree upon sure grounds; til I see you I rest,

*Your loving friend &c.*

*A Letter from an Apprentice to his Father to send him some money to succour himself withall; he being hardly used by a cruel Master and Mistris.*

KInd and loving Father, my humble duty premised, with hope of your good health, with my Mother, and the rest of our good friends, &c. The extremity which I have long endured at the hands of my unconscionable Master and mistris, constraineth me (seeing no likelyhood of redress) to reveal, and manifest that unto you, which long I have concealed; which as it is uncouth unto me, in regard of your paternall care of me, whilest I live with you; so I doubt not (your Fatherly love continued unto me, but it will be displeasing unto you, I am placed by your good friend, *A. W.* in a service, where (til I was bound Apprentice) I had good usage, but since I was bound, I have seldom had good day; nay, after that you sent them the money which Master *A. W.* did promise with me, they began to exasperate hard usage unto me; to debar from me, not onely liberty, but victuall, finding many times faults without occasion, wrongfully beating and buffeting me without offence, which I neither can, nor do I think you will wish me to endure. I am almost pin'd with want, which how to redresse, I know not, unless you vouchsafe to supply my present wants; to leave my trade I am loath, to call my master in question I am more loath, where to have redress I know not, in

in this my extremity, unless you take some course for me, and send me wherewithal to succour my self between time, untill it shall please God to turn their hard hearts. Thus having briefly acquainted you with my present estate, hoping of your fatherly love unto me, humbly craving your and my Mothers daily blessing, leaving you to the tuition of the Almighty, expecting speedily, to hear from you, I rest,

*Your Obedient Son, &c.*

*His Answer.*

SON, I have received your Letter, wherein I am given to understand that my Friend, *A. W.* hath not so friendly discharged that friendly trust, which I reposed in him, as I expected. Notwithstanding I wil in what I may, seek redress for thy wrongs: In the mean time deliver this twenty shillings to your Master, as a token from me, happly his hard usage of you is to draw something from me, which if I see I cannot by my gifts which I have sent to him have mended, I will come up my self, and take some course to remove you from him: In the mean time I send you ten shillings to supply your necessary wants, which I wish you sparingly (as you have occasion) to bestow, and not idely or wastfully, and let me hear from you alwayes by this Carryer. Serve God, endeavour to please your Master and Mistris, and whilest I live, Boy they shal know thou hest a Father; so in haste I rest,

*Your loving Father, &c.*

A

*A Letter of a Patient to his Physician.*

MAster Doctor, your Patient commends him to your patience, to bear a little kind chiding for your too long absence; my disease holds his own, and my pain nothing diminished, and if you come not the sooner, your Physick will be past working, for my Stomack is weak, and my heart groweth faint, and yet I feed, though my digestion be not the best; loath I am to languish, if I may have hope of comfort, but your absence makes me doubt of my recovery; I pray you therefore hast you unto me, and let me be assured of your coming, lest you come too late; you know my disease, and are acquainted with my body; for my cure I leave it to God and your conscience, and so intreating your present answer of your speedy presence, I commend you to the Almighty.

*Your sick loving Patient, &c.*

*His Answer.*

MY good Patient, I fear your impatience hath by some passion increased your pains; I know the force of your disease cannot but be weakned, if you be not more afraid than hurt, you will not dye of this malady: if my business were not great, I would see you, or if your need were great I would not be from you; but knowing every cramp is not a convulsion, nor every

every ſtitch at the heart, I will onely wish you to put off melancholie, to take heed of cold, to have mind rather of Heaven then Earth; eat good meat, but not too much, drink good wine, but measurable, be at charitie with all the world, but not too far with any, eſpecially with the feminine gender; uſe motion for naturall Phyſick, and let a merry heart be your beſt Phyſitian; for conceit is hurtfull, if it be not contentive, and it is paſt the reach of my reaſon to cure a corrupted mind: Shortly, God willing, I will ſee you; in the mean time imagine I am with you, for indeed I will not be long from you: and thus let me tel you, that to put you out of fear, I have no fear of you, but that you will be paſt Phyſick, ere my hope fail of your cure, and that will not be in haſt; and ſo hoping that you are not ſo weak in ſpirit, but that you can endure a little pain with patience in hope of aſſured health, til I ſee you, and alwaies I reſt,

*Your Phyſician and loving friend.*

*A Letter from a Son in priſon to his Mother, his Eſtate being waſted.*

DEar and loving Mother; as ever your Maternall love hath hitherto been manifeſted unto me, ſo now I beſeech you in this great extremity, to extend it towards me; my means are conſumed, my ſelf captivated, ready to periſh with want, and which way to turn me in this height of miſery I know not, but unto you, whoſe very carefull reſpect of me hath bin

been such that nought could (or as yet I hope can) remove your love from me: wherefore in pity of my present misery, I desire you, good mother, to make some means for my Enlargement, my debts are not much, notwithstanding of my self, I am utterly unable to give satisfaction, insomuch, that unlesse you be pleased to commiserate my distress, I am utterly devoid of all hope of comfort, or Enlargement: if therefore you will vouchsafe to set me at liberty, my future duty, and diligence shal obsequiously in such sort be manifested that whatsoever hath heretofore bin amiss, shall be amended, to my good, and your comfort, whereof wishing you to be most assured, and expecting your comfortable answer, I rest,

*Your distressed Son, &c*

*Her answer.*

Son I am sorry your folly hath brought you to such extremity. Had you been heedful in your courses, you might have prevented these disasters: notwithstanding, since misery ought rather to be pitied than blamed (especially by a Mother) I will in this your extremitie in hope of your reformity, manifest a Motherly Love, unto you: Your Debts shall be paid, you set at liberty, and some speedy course be taken for your future maintenance, if you will confirm what you have written, I will be with you to morrow, til than comfort your

self

self, and pray for your poor Mother

Your loving Mother &c.

*A Letter to a Kinsman that came from the University to the Court, and was given much to the Study.*

MY good Cousin, I hear since you came from the Vniversity to the Court, you are inclined much to Melancholly, your mind onely delighteth in reading any study, and among many variety of matters of import, that you take much delight in searching out of Pedigrees, and Herauldry, the knowledge whereof, I hold both honourable and profitable, but the use thereof requires a heedful care; for in the discoursing of matters unfit, you may be brought within the compass of folly: But as a friend to give you Caveat in all your course of that study, take my advice for the bettering of your understanding in the best of your Coats: Be not too busie with the Crown, and of all Beasts beware of the Lyon; if he sleep, wake him not least thou trouble his patience, and in his walk, cross not his way, least his frown grow wrathful: For other beasts, think of them as your reason will give you leave, where you find honours, note (if you can) the desert of them, and for bought Coats, consider of them in their kinds; times alter, and natures in them, and therefore in the setting down of Antiquities, there may be much deceit, through the corruption of the writers

or,

or directions for strange Coats; and to see an Eagle have a Fly in her mouth, and a mouse bite a Cat by the Tail, or a Goose keep a Fox in a Den, wonder at it, but make no words of it: and if you see a black Swan in a blue Field, and an eele in her belly, running out at her tail, or a Peacock pulled out of his feathers and makeing his Pearch upon a Cross-bar, smile at the conceit, but keep the censure of it to your self. To conclude, read much, but believe little, think much, but speake little, and know much, but meddle little; but in medling with other mens coats, look that you lose no more then your own jerken: And so wishing your studies as profitable as pleasing to you: till I see you, I commit you to the Almighty.

*Your loving Cosin.*

*His Answer.*

Sir, I have read your Letter, and considered of the contents: To the answer whereof, give me leave to tel you, that I am not determined to hurt mine eye-sight with too deep looking into a milstone, nor to believe Antiquity, further than reason may carry my understanding, and whatsoever I find of Coats, I will so carry my due and true Allegeance to the Crown, that I will avoid all touch of disloyaltie: For the Lyon I will neither trouble him waking, nor sleeping: and for his walk, with no beast to be so fooliſh, as to cross his pleasure

pleasure in his passage: for your merry conceits of strange Coats, I will onely smile at my conjecture of them, and so long as I know a Faulcon from a Buzzard, an Eagle from an Owl, and a Nightingale from a Cuckow, let me alone to judge of the nature of Birds, and how they are born; and when I look into the nature of honour, whether by purchase, favour or desert, I note the time with the person, and so go on with my opinions, so the judgment I keep to my self; now for what else may grow out of this Study, either profit, pleasure, loss of time, or repentance, I thank you for your item, to keep my conceit from discourse, for all things are to be taken in their right kind, and when learning grows hurtfull, it proves wit not wel tempered; and therefore hoping so to make use of my brains that my head shall do my body no hurt, with many thanks for your kind instructions, I commend you to the Almighty.

*Your loving Kinsman &c.*

*FINIS.*